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DOES PAPAL INFALLIBILITY INVOLVE CIVIL DISLOYALTY?

PROTESTANTISM, with the weakness ever arising from the consciousness of fundamental instability, and the restlessness ever generated by the self-created tortures of a guilty conscience, is constantly engaged with the zeal of a fury in seeking to turn attention from itself, and to lull its weakened votaries to mental rest by keeping them busily occupied with matters and things very foreign from its legitimate spheres of thought or action. Indeed, the only legitimate sphere of either the theoretical or practical, which is properly its own, is the business of repentance; in the theoretical order by meditation on the enormity of its sins, which would, if stretched out in a straight line, cover the space of many centuries; and in the practical order by letting its meditations bear good fruit in acts of sincere conversion to the truth which it has abandoned. Like all vicious people it is, however, too busy meddling with its neighbors' affairs; too preoccupied with picking flaws in other people's characters to seriously attend to keeping its own doors clean, and so, after the fashion of *maliciousness*, what harm it fails to discover, or

what mischief it can legitimately fail to do to others, it supplies for by blackmailing or backbiting; and, when these means fail, it invokes the intervention of the sword or the law, and cries out "Police!" with as much vigor and as little reason as a common scold revenges herself on the tormenting urchins, who would never have troubled her if she had not first made herself particularly obnoxious. Serpent-tressed virago, with viperous tongue, and a heart that from its earliest throb acknowledged the complete domination of Satan, it goes about foaming with rage as, shaking its sceptral firebrand of command, it summons about it all its tributary spirits, black, blue, and gray, and bids them go forth to the destruction of the household of what it hypocritically calls its neighbor, its sister in the unity of a common Christendom,—the Catholic Church.

Never did the legendary witches of Macbeth's vision throw more curious ingredients into their mystic cauldron, and then "double and double with toil and trouble," than these ministers of evil dance around their seething cauldron of religious fo-

mentation and bloody persecution. "Eye of newt and toe of frog" were not a circumstance to the envious slanders against truth which form the staple compounds of their poisonous mess, they "do and do and do," in their wonderful liberality to dispense the venomous concoction; and when their stupid victims refuse to partake readily, they, like old Meg Merrilies, though with not a shadow of the innocent and mirth-provoking mischief with which the gipsy queen gorged the frightened Dominie Sampson, exclaim vociferously, "Gape sinners and swallow, or I'll pour it down you, scalding hot as it is, and whether ye will or no."

Now, before we go further, we must distinctly premise that by Protestantism we do not mean the offspring of those "reformers" who sprang up so late as the sixteenth century. The purposes of our present article require a more comprehensive definition; and we therefore include in the one term Protestantism all the various *isms*, *schisms*, which, from the very creation of the world, have *protested* by word or deed against the rights of God directly, or through His Church indirectly. The ways and means which have from time to time been adopted to further its schemes would puzzle even that "peculiar" brain, the dark ways and vain tricks of which were concealed beneath a long queue, and "a smile that was childlike and bland." Not to examine into these too closely, we will, to return to our former simile, state briefly that the first and principal ingredient by which Protestant witchcraft keeps the pot of deceit and animosity briskly boiling, is a perverted interpretation of the doctrines of THE CHURCH, and particularly of that one which causes the smoke and steam to bubble up beneath its incantations before the admiring gaze of the civil power, when it reads the fortunes of such weak and wicked rulers as the Pharaohs, Antiochuses, and Herods, of Scriptural

days; Neros, Domitians, and Caligulas, of pagan times; the Macbeths of mediæval ages, or the Bismarcks and Cavours of our *advanced* and *progressive* century, who enter its sibylline caves of darkness to learn the wisdom of the devil in a doctrine which always greeted the despots who came to consult the priests and priestesses of Baal. "Our oracles are dumb, our aruspices refuse to smoke while the sign of the Nazarene casts its refulgent rays upon our mystic darkness. Destroy the cross, or your sceptres will fall powerless from your grasp." And such has ever been the echo of their votaries and descendants, as expressed in the infamous deduction, that loyalty to God and the king, the Church and the state, are incompatible.

God the creator and supreme ruler of the universe was the establisher of order, celestial and terrestrial, civil and social, and in that primal rule of order, and by His supreme wisdom and blessed providence, "extending from end to end, with might and sweetness disposing all things," He ordained that neither in heaven nor on earth should equality exist. He regulated the varying order of the angelic choirs, and He regulated the beautiful diversity of the things of men. When He created Eve as the companion of Adam, He, by His own words, declared the establishment of SOCIETY. As that society increased, He regulated, through the law of nature implanted in the breast of man, the civil and social distinctions which have ever been obeyed, save by fools and idiots. Here, then, we have first the direct creation of society, and through the inspired act of man, the indirect creation of THE STATE. Need we now ask who was the author of society or the state? If we did, would any one dare to deny their origin to God? But he who creates a power, unquestionably has the right to reserve so much of it as he pleases to himself. To man as a social being He gave the right of regulating his

purely social actions; to man as the representative of the civil power He gave the sword of the magistrate; but to Himself He reserved the administration of the moral and spiritual phases of power. This power He at first exercised directly from Himself. His commands were given directly to the patriarchs who "walked with God" and conversed familiarly with Him. Hence we find Him instructing Adam in the garden before the fall. We hear Him thundering out the terrible "*Ubi est frater tuus?*" in the ears of guilty Cain, who receives his sentence of punishment directly from God. As mankind increased, His conduct changed, and the power which He had reserved to himself, He deposited with His priesthood. Hence arose the manifestation of the third great power which now rules the earth,—THE CHURCH. Inasmuch as the power delegated to it was incomparably greater than that belonging to society or the state, so was the dignity of the Church incomparably superior; its authority incomparably more exalted. It was not the design of God, in reserving the moral power to Himself, to trench therewith upon the deputed authority which He had conferred on man, save as a weapon of instruction when men's ignorance should need enlightenment, a corrector when their fallible judgment should mislead them into error, or the weakness of what He foresaw would be their fallen nature should require the arm of divine punishment. Now this power delegated by degrees to the ancient priesthood of the old law, was conferred in its plenitude upon THE CHURCH of the new law. "ALL POWER IS GIVEN TO ME IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH. GO YE THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS, . . . TEACHING THEM TO OBSERVE ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER I HAVE COMMANDED YOU; AND LO I AM WITH YOU ALL DAYS, EVEN TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE WORLD."

Who is it that here gives the

charge? Jesus Christ, Son of the living God. To whom does He give it? To the apostles and their successors, HIS CHURCH. For whose benefit? ALL NATIONS. What does the charge involve? ALL TRUTH, civil, political, and social, as well as moral and religious. Now, be it remembered, that the deposit of civil power in the magistrate, or the social rights of society generally, not having been withdrawn, are not compromised by the moral and spiritual power given to the Church, because such an interference would imply a contradiction in God, which is an impossibility in infallible truth. It implies, moreover, an insult to the omniscience and providence of God, who understands all things, and disposes them with an order which is characterized by sweetness as well as might; therefore, the only just conclusion which any sensible being can form is, that all power comes from God, regulated by his own wisdom, through the dictates of His Church. But the Church, by the promise of God, is infallible. Society and the state are nowhere endowed with any such prerogative, since they are, subjectively considered, human institutions, and represent only a limited phase of the divine omnipotence. The Church is divine in all its attributes, and not merely represents, but morally is the plenitude of omnipotence, else God is falsehood. Moreover, that men might not cavil at the superior authority of the Church, on the ground that being on the earth it was of it earthy and fallible, He adds the promise which, while it confirms their confidence, renders more absolute their obedience to it, "LO I AM WITH YOU ALL DAYS;" that is, not intermittingly, but constantly; not for a determined period of time, but until time shall cease, "*even to the consummation of the world.*"

Here, then, in brief, we have SOCIETY framing its own minor laws and customs; THE STATE ruling society in its temporal concerns; and

THE CHURCH, like a watchful guardian, ruling both, instructing and correcting when necessary by the right involved in the charge of guiding all nations in the right path to heaven. We might multiply, *ad infinitum*, examples from ancient Scripture and history where this right of the divine order is laid down by God and acknowledged by men. We might point out on every page of the New Testament, and the patristic writings, where this doctrine is taught; but this truth is so apparent, that it seems like an insult to common sense to dictate it, much less to prove it. The very nature of man revolts at the idea that society or the state is superior to the Church; and this alone is the proof of proofs against so infamous a doctrine.

This beautiful order of Providence was first broken in heaven by the rebel Lucifer and his cohorts, when they as subjects refused to obey God, and cried *non serviam*. Against whom? Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God, who was to be the high priest of the order of redemption; thus, singularly enough, anticipating all future rebellions against the Church. How was Lucifer punished? Just as all subsequent rebellions against God have been repaid. Their instigators were hurled to hell, while the Church flourished on triumphantly, exemplifying the indestructible power of Him, the archangel leader of whose hosts proclaimed in that first great battle the war-cry of heaven, "WHO IS LIKE TO GOD?"

From that dread moment there was ceaseless war between Satan and the Church, Satan, for the trial and glory of the church militant, being allowed the power of persecuting the spouse of Christ, and one of the most potent weapons given to him was the sword of the civil tyrant. He began his work by prompting the rebellion of our first parents against God, represented by the Church, and it is a noteworthy fact that the very argument used by him to

induce the primal fall is precisely the same which has ever since been brought forward as a reason for all subsequent rebellions against the Church, namely, the subjection of man's moral and intellectual freedom required by the laws of God and of His Church. What moral and intellectual freedom meant, Adam and Eve and all their generations have had the sad experience of six thousand years to clearly comprehend, and one of the saddest of these evidences has been and yet is the usurpations of the civil power upon the supremacy of the moral and spiritual, as involved in the ecclesiastical. For it is a notorious fact that when the devil wishes to persecute the saints individually or the Church generally, his trustiest and best burnished blade is the charge of high treason against the State. In the old law, when the chosen people of God were groaning in chains and captivity, the grand apology of their idolatrous tyrants was that they, by refusing to compromise their consciences in abandoning the laws of Jehovah, were disloyal to the Gentile kings. When Joseph refused to listen to the criminal solicitations of Potiphar's wife, she forthwith revenged herself by an accusation from which even the trustworthy nobility of his character could not shield him,—high treason. When Misrach, Shadrach, and Abdenago refused to fall down and adore the golden statue of King Nabuchadousor, the fiery furnace was declared to be the punishment of their civil treason. When in the fulness of time Jesus Christ himself had come upon the earth, the great charge of His enemies, from Herod, the murderer of the Innocents, down to the Pharisees, the Scribes, and priests, was that He was no friend to Cæsar, because He proclaimed the supremacy of the kingdom of God, and although He carefully and minutely on all occasions, even when the hypocritical Sadducees sought to trip

Him up on this very point, drew the distinction between giving to Cæsar the tribute that was Cæsar's, and to God the fealty that was God's, yet they never desisted from this vile lie until they had hounded the Lord of truth to a bloody cross. The disciple is not greater than the Master. So as all the martyrs of the Old Testament history suffered by anticipation with their crucified Lord, so all the martyrs of the new law, including the very apostles, shared a similar fate on the similar charge, disloyalty to the civil authority. St. Paul himself, the great preacher and exponent of the Church's law of obedience to the civil power, was crucified *as a traitor*. The same trite accusation lit the fires, forged the chains, screwed the racks, and let loose the wild beasts against the early Christians. The same stale platitudes lit the Smithfield fires, barred the gates of Tyburn, whetted the headsman's axe, and knotted the hangman's cord against the martyrs of Henry the Eighth's and Elizabeth's days. The same senseless slander splits the quills and covers the parchments with conscription acts against the heroic champions of the Church, reviled by a Bismarck, a Cavour, or a Gladstone, and if some of these men do not do worse than write conscription acts, it is not because the will is wanting, but because the power is defective.

The origin and animus of the charge of disloyalty against Catholics is precisely and simply that which generates all the other vile slanders against them,—sheer malice on the part of those who are unwilling to acknowledge any power superior to their own wills. The reason that a corrupt state hates the Church is the same that causes vice always to hate virtue, because it puts it to the blush, and counteracts against its aggressions. The reason again why the state corrupted hates the Church is not because it fears that the Church will usurp its legitimate

power, but because it wishes to usurp the Church's power, because when the state has squandered in riotousness the ill-gotten gains which it has wrung, under cover of law and necessity, from its overburdened subjects, and dare not further exhaust their means and their patience, it turns its bleared eyes with covetous glances upon the legitimate possessions of the Church, which, rightfully acquired and lawfully kept, were, by the piety, gratitude, and devotion of true-hearted Christians, in the ages of faith, exempted from even the necessitous appeals of the state, though never refused when right required them. No better argument could be adduced to prove the claim of the Church's supremacy does not interfere with the civil authority, than the fact that the state thus regards the Church as a victim which it can bleed when all others have become bloodless, because it knows that the Church is powerless to defend herself, and has proved herself over and over again too deeply imbued with her divine Founder's spirit of charity and unworldliness to even attempt rebellion. Her arms are but spiritual, and are used but for the correction of men, not for their punishment or her vengeance. Legions of angels are to her far more powerful than one sword wielded by the human hand of even the prince pontiff of the Church.

On the other hand the Church has over and over again come to the relief of the state in its direst necessities. How many instances in history where even the sacred vessels have been freely given for the relief of the state? How often does she not relieve the burden of taxation by herself supplying all the institutions of charity and mercy which would otherwise fall upon the state? Does she not even claim this as her special mission?

Moreover, let us look at the example of loyalty given by the faith-

ful in every age, even to wicked, despotic, and pagan rulers.

The writings of the fathers, and the pages of Scripture and history, teem with the evidence of the inculcation and practice of obedience to civil rulers. We make but one quotation in support of our assertion.

"It was not," says Butler, "for want of courage or strength that the primitive Christians sat still and suffered the most grievous torments, insults, and death; but from a principle of religion, which taught them that the interest of faith does not exempt men from the duty which they owe to the civil authority of government, and they rather chose to be killed than to sin against God." In support of this he quotes Tertullian, who, writing at that time, tells the Pagans that the Maurs, Marcomans, and Parthians were not so numerous as the Christians, who knew no other bounds than the limits of the world. "We are but yesterday," says he; "and by to-day we are grown up and overspread your empire, your cities, your islands, your forts, towns, assemblies, and your very camps, wards, companies. Palace, senate, forum, all swarm with Christians. Your temples are the only places which you can find without Christians. To what war are we not equal? And supposing us unequal in strength, yet, *considering our usage, what should we not attempt*, we whom you see so ready to meet death in all its forms of cruelty? Were the numerous hosts of Christians but to retire from the empire, the loss of so many men of all ranks would leave a hideous gap, and the very evacuation would be abundant revenge. You would stand aghast at your desolation and be struck dumb at the general silence and horror of nature, as if the whole world were departed."

Again he says, "When we come to the public service of God, we come, as it were, a formidable body

to do violence to Him and to storm heaven by prayer, and this violence is most grateful to God. When this holy army of supplicants is met, we all send up our prayers for the life of the emperors, for their ministers, for magistrates, for the good of the state, and for the peace of the empire. . . . Without a prompter we pray with our hearts rather than our tongues, and in all our prayers are ever mindful of all our emperors and kings wheresoever we live, beseeching God for every one of them, that He would bless them with length of days and a great reign, a well-established family, a valiant army, a faithful senate, an honest people, and a peaceful world, with whatever else prince or people can desire. Thus, while we are stretching forth our hands to God, go on," he says, "with your torments," which he mentions in detail, adding, "for a Christian upon his knees to his God is in a posture of defence against all the evils you can crowd upon him," closing with that sublime apostrophe, "*Hoc agite, boni præsides, extorquete animam Deo supplicantem pro imperatore.*" He says, indeed, that there are some Christians who do not live up to their profession, but they have not the reputation of Christians among those who are truly such, and no Christians had ever been guilty of rebellion, though referring to the frequency of this crime among the heathens, he declares that even their philosophers were frequently stained with that, as well as other crimes.

Alban Butler is reported to have once said that notwithstanding the temptations which especially beset the military profession, yet there were more soldier-saints in heaven than any other class. Without at all desiring to deny the workings of grace among the military profession, yet this may very easily be accounted for by the fact that the Christians served in immense numbers in the armies of the pagan emperors, and

history proves that they were the most trusted of their cohorts. Yet with a true soldierly spirit of heroism, they invariably refused to compromise their consciences by offering sacrifice to the false gods or to the *genius of the empire*. Threats and blandishments were alike unavailing to move them, just as even the interests of the state were forgotten when the malice and pride of their tyrannical rulers were wounded by their persistence to the truth, and rather than bear the smart they were willing to lose the services of the flower of their armies by sending them to heaven *by the way of the lions*.

St. Maurice and his Theban legion were the bravest of Diocletian's army. Yet the interests of the state and the gratitude of the emperor were alike ignored when these soldiers chose and received death rather than bend the knee to idols. So heaven has been peopled century after century by hundreds of soldiers whose position on this question has made them more conspicuous than less public classes of Christians. And in our day the German government emulates the example of the heathen emperors. The Catholic soldiers of Protestant Germany fought by the thousand against the Catholic soldiers of Catholic France, and the most zealous Catholic, aye, even the Pope himself, never even insinuated or thought that they did wrong in thus serving their civil rulers, even when they were forging the chains for their Catholic compatriots of Alsace and Lorraine. And herein lies a nut large enough, after it is cracked, to choke those timid creatures who jump at their own shadows, and, like little children, are constantly proposing for our solution all sorts of far-fetched problems of political silliness, such as what might happen if the Catholic Church ever became possessed of the power to make their "supposings" probable.

Guilty consciences sometimes look very far ahead to spy in the distance the retribution on their guilt.

But to return from our digression. Just as the heathen emperors rewarded their Christian cohorts with martyrdom, so Bismarck rewards the unsurpassed bravery and fidelity of the Catholic landwehr and their co-religionists by conscription and expatriation, because they will not worship *the genius of Bismarck*.

It is, however, a remarkable fact that no tyrant has ever yet dared to punish his Catholic subjects on the ground of sheer disloyalty to the state, and here our opponents are convicted out of their own mouths, for they dared not, as the children of the Church had based their resistance on spiritual grounds, justify their accusations on political grounds, hence they never punished them so much ostensibly on the ground of disloyalty to the state, as to the Church personified in the usurped sacredness of the state. The heathen emperors slew the Christians because they would not adore *false gods*, among whom they had artfully enrolled the state, in order to sanction their tyranny, just as they deified the various vices in order to sanction their moral delinquencies. They tortured them because they would not worship the genius of the emperor, not as civil ruler, but as Pontifex Maximus. Henry the Eighth murdered his Catholic subjects, not because he could prove them disloyal to the state, but because they refused to acknowledge him as *head of the Church*. And it is well known that the first spark that aroused the inflammable disposition of his tow-headed daughter, Elizabeth, was the gentle reminder that some people doubted not merely her legitimate right to the English throne, but also her supremacy over the English Church. The czars, as self-dubbed heads of the Greek Church, crush their Polish subjects on the same score, and Mr. Bis-

marck's grand indictment against both his Lutheran and Catholic subjects is that they will not recognize prayerful old King William as high priest and potentate of the National Church of Germany. And to cover these blasphemous assumptions with a cloak of right, they make the grand hubbub about the terrible consequences of recognizing a foreign power within the limits of their several political divisions. Herein, too, they display a species of liberality which strongly resembles that of Satan when he told our Saviour on the mountain that he would give Him what was not his to give, "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," if, falling down, He would adore him. For while these civil rulers are despoiling the Pope of his spiritual prerogatives, they are purposely careful to endow him with far greater civil powers than he ever dreamed of assuming, while they themselves, for purposes of their own chicanery, assume in their own persons that "one-man power" and counterfeit union of Church and state, the genuine and pure forms of which they so deprecate among Catholic princes.

But the enemies of Catholicity bring another objection on this question, namely, that the fact that Catholics have never been disloyal practically, does not prove that they may not become so, or have not always been so, theoretically. We answer, "*Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit?*" Could Jesus Christ order tribute to Cæsar, and allow His Church to preach rebellion? Do you measure the weakness of other people's virtue by the standard of your own deceit and viciousness, else why do not eighteen centuries of continued loyalty on the part of Catholics to their civil rulers, satisfy your pretended doubts?"

But pray, let us ask you one question in return, What particular claims

has Protestantism whereby to prove its superior loyalty to the state? If we ask, Has it never fostered illegitimate rebellions, history laughs at the simplicity of our interrogatory. And if we ask, How many? echo answers, MANY. One more question: How many robbers of the public treasury, how many traitors against the state, have, even in our own country and our own day, gone unwhipped of justice, because THE MAN-MADE RELIGION, FREEMASONRY, winked at their offences, and with its mystic grip stayed the hand of the law. Oh ye sons of the Father of lies, let him who is without guilt among you cast the first stone at THE CHURCH,—when the Lord of truth and virtue convicts her!

And this brings us to another phase of this question. Our opponents may say, "Oh yes! we acknowledge the supremacy of the Church over the state, but men's minds are divided now as to what is *the Church*." "Very good; then allow us Catholics, if you please, to acknowledge that as the Church which we not only believe, but by the word of the living God KNOW to be *the Church*. You worship as such, the queen, the czar, or the emperor, and in their several spheres you practically acknowledge their infallibility or that of the privy council, *at least for the time being*, or else, denying your own Church, you are worse than the heathen. We, by the common consent of eighteen centuries of Christendom, expressed dogmatically in the Vatican decrees, acknowledge the Pope of Rome as the visible head of the Church, the vicar of God." We have dwelt very lightly on this point of our paper, because practically the position of Catholics throughout the world is not in the least changed towards their civil rulers by the decree of Papal Infallibility. That infallibility lodged somewhere in the Church they always believed, and the Pope, as the head and mouthpiece of their Church,

would have been just as readily obeyed by what their enemies call "their blind and degraded submission," had he required them, supposing such a thing possible, to be disloyal to the legitimate laws enacted by their lawful rulers, before the Vatican decrees as since. For example, had the Pope, *ex cathedra*, issued an encyclical to the Catholics of America, before the definition of his infallibility in morals and faith,—in which two points, and when speaking *ex cathedra*, he is alone held to be infallible,—commanding them, under pain of excommunication, not to send their children to public schools, because their faith and morals were thus endangered, how many Catholics, think you, good Protestant friends, would have stopped to question his right to command? The only difference the infallibility dogma makes in their position since its definition is, they would now know for a definite certainty that they had not the right of questioning a power which they never presumed to question.

Now herein lies the beauty of the American republic of the United States, that by its fundamental law it acknowledges the supremacy of the Church as represented by the conscience of each individual of its subjects, with which it forbids the state in the slightest degree to meddle, for with the social ostracisms and the various political and partisan persecutions to which the Catholic Church has been occasionally subjected in this free land the government *per se* is not responsible. "Oh but," cry out our opponents, "this liberty of conscience which you are now enjoying is not in accord with Catholic doctrine as expressed in the Syllabus of Pius the Ninth, anathematizing among other things 'religious toleration.' " That is a side question, to which an answer is not just here pertinent, but we will merely say that so liberally does our government carry out its principles,

that even Mormonism, Free-love, and worse species of notoriously public crimes can protect themselves with impunity, under the shield of religion, from the righteously poised arm of the civil law. Nay, more: the civil law thus stayed actually sanctions the abrogation of the natural and revealed law. It is this *false* toleration that the Church opposes, not *religious* toleration.

Our readers have doubtless by this time arrived at the very correct conclusion that this article has been called forth particularly by the recent pamphlet of William Ewart Gladstone on *The Vatican Decrees*, which has created such a stir, at least in the newspapers. The *New York Times'* correspondent in London tells us that while Protestants, like good, sensible beings, only laugh at Mr. Gladstone, and try to solve what this his latest eccentricity means, yet the pamphlet "has set the Catholics foaming with rage." Perhaps so. If so, not without reason, since it is exceedingly annoying to behold this "high church" Lucifer, radiant with "popish tendencies," fizzling down into the veriest "evangelical" Satan. Even the Pope is reported to have called, what the world regarded as his friend in disguise, "a viper;" and though His Holiness did not on this occasion speak *ex cathedra*, still we have no doubt that the kind-hearted old gentleman at the Vatican knew what he was talking about, or his anger would not have been so remarkable. Like him, too, we can truly say that our time is more profitably occupied than in reading either Mr. Gladstone's lucubrations, or in trying with his English reviewers to solve the mystery of his sudden animosity. While Archbishop Manning deals with him with the massive weapons of philosophy and logic, our American Metropolitan, Dr. Bayley, has laid him out cold with a slight, but very stinging piece of epistolary birch. We hope that some equally able hands will send Mr. Gladstone's

alter ego, Lord Acton, reeling in similar style; but, in default of a better entry in the list, we may ourselves, ere another month goes round, pay our respects to this disciple of Dollinger, who, if he be as *liberal* in all things as *he is with historical truth*, is the very soul and essence of liberalism. For the present, however, it suffices for Catholics everywhere to draw this one lesson from Mr. Gladstone's conduct, a lesson which their divine Lord taught them centuries ago, even while with the same breath he preached loyalty to Cæsar. "*Place not your trust in princes;*" confide in God rather than man. May it be taken so closely to heart, that our people may henceforth, standing heroically on the foundation of their own principles, display that independence of spirit which, inherited from their martyr ancestors, has, alas! so sadly degenerated in their descendants. May they thus serve to mould the statesmanship of the world, rather than be moulded by it; for it is a shameful confession of a shameful truth that Catholics everywhere are but political clay in the hands of "statesmen" potters.

We have endeavored to show, as clearly and as concisely as lack of space and the late hour of our writing would permit, that the charge that the Church or the Pope claim temporal power is merely a device of the enemy, and, like all other devices, intended to conceal their sinister purposes. We might cover an entire volume of THE RECORD with its refutation; but we would not if we could, for the charge is so senseless, that it is unworthy of reply; and, to quote

the language of Archbishop Bayley, "when a man tells me that my religion requires me to be disloyal to my country, the old Adam within me prompts me more strongly to pull his nose than to answer him politely." It is astonishing, however, to see what opposite tactics the enemies of the Church use to gain the same end,—its destruction. For instance, they created an immense *furor* on the Immaculate Conception, because they said that the latrinal devotion paid by Catholics to our blessed lady robbed God of the hyperdulial worship due to him. Yet this falsehood is only equalled by their zeal in now robbing God of the honor due his Church to give it to man, as representing the state, in order to support their equally malicious slander that the Pope is infallible in temporal matters, or claims jurisdiction in temporal affairs. The veriest fool will admit that there is a limit to the civil authority, and even the *civil* subjection due to it; and this question of the independence of the spiritual over the temporal is just as clearly defined, and is just as clearly understood, as the right of lawful rebellion is acknowledged to be the highest law of patriotism. Both take equal rank as merely metaphysical questions, and both are restricted by the same limits.

Thus we conceive we have briefly expounded the doctrine under discussion; and if latent rebellion be found therein, we can only exclaim, in the language of the Virginian Demosthenes, "*If this be treason, make the most of it.*"

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

THEY in a manger laid thee,
Thou Monarch of the sky;
And men no homage paid thee,
Thou Highest of the High.
While stars proclaimed thy wondrous ways,
While hosts of angels sang thy praise,
Thou camest down to die.

With humblest heart thou tookest
The lot thou hadst made thine :
Heaven's glory thou forsookest
For huts where poor men pine.
Thou wert a slave to make us free :
It was thy gladness, Lord, to see
All share thy grace divine.

Thou, Saviour, wert the meekest,—
Thy words gave peace of soul ;
And still thou healing speakest
To all who would be whole.
A hope, a trust, a Father mild,
Thou art to each repentant child
That seeks the grandest goal.

Shamed, tortured, lonely, friendless,
Nailed to the fatal tree,
Thou didst by anguish endless
Gain endless life for me.
Now in thy holy, holy name
Bows every knee—thy triumphs flame
Sublime from sea to sea.

May thy example cheer us,
Strengthen, exalt, inspire ;
May thou be ever near us ;
A sacred mystic fire.
Dwell in the temple of our breast,
And when we sink to final rest
Be thou our sole desire.

A BRAND SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING.

A LETTER laid upon my desk this Christmas Eve has led me into a retrospection, half sad, half sweet.

Take up your knitting again, my friend. The hail beats fiercely on the windows, and the night will be a wild one; but after I have brightened up the fire a bit between the lights, I will tell you the story over the glowing coals.

In a visit to St. L——, three summers ago (you remember my writing you from the Hotel d'Or), it was my good fortune in my leisure hours to become acquainted with a number of its cloistered and uncloistered convents, its hospitals, orphanages, and homes for the aged poor.

When you asked me at the time, in a letter, if I would confess to a preference for any one of those edifying institutions (which you playfully dubbed my "hydra-headed hobby"), I remember writing back "Yes," but I remember also piquing your curiosity by confining my answer to that simple affirmative. Here in the warm confidence of the winter gloaming, the mystery with which I teased you comes naturally to light.

Deeply interested as I was in all those abodes of charity, my special admiration, nay, reverence, was reserved for one, and that one the sacred retreat where the sheep of Christ that were lost are found and folded securely under the roof of the *Maison du Bon Pasteur*.

A prominent feature in the suburbs of the quaint old town, this house always seemed to me a monument, a thrice blessed monument, erected by the faith and loving zeal of his chosen ones to the patience and many-sided mercy of God.

And the end of its institute was so peculiarly the work of Him who eat and drank with publicans and sinners, and who declared with His own

divine lips that He came not to call the just but sinners to repentance.

Two hundred women rescued from the vilest haunts of a great city, and from lives of crime and boldest vagabondage, could there be seen sitting clothed and in their right mind, submissive to the gentle nuns, angels in human shape, who taught them their long-forgotten, or, perchance, never learned, duty to their Creator, and smoothed the rough path of their difficult conversion.

The specimens of delicate needlework and elaborate embroidery exhibited in the convent parlors and sewing-rooms were really marvels when viewed as the handicraft of women whose fingers had long been folded in criminal sloth, and whose lawless natures mocked at the restraints of persevering labor, and rebelled passionately against them.

"When we can get them to form habits of steady work," said the noble Superioress, Mother Mary of the Divine Pity (in whom I found a courteous cicerone), "we do not despair of their ultimate conversion. But to keep them engaged for a half-hour at a time is the extent of our influence with many of them on their first entrance to the House. Idleness is the root of most of the evil."

Our tour, that July day, through the various departments, ended in the chapel of the Magdalens. Here Mère Marie quitted me for a few moments to speak with a white-robed Sister in the corridor, and I knelt at the grating to pray.

A sensible devotion filled my heart. At His own especial shrine I was worshipping the Good Shepherd who had left the ninety-nine in the desert of the world to abide forever on this little altar; to gather the poor lost sheep to His tender bleeding bosom, to be the consolation

and refreshment of His repenting children.

Everything about me was so peaceful, so clean, so orderly. Surely if one's ears were anointed with the chrism of a living faith, they would hear in this spot a never-ceasing, celestial song. The joy, finding words before the angels of God, over not one but hundreds of sinners doing penance!

Believing myself the sole occupant of the chapel, I prostrated myself with my face hidden in my hands, when a hollow cough close by startled me. I raised my head, and a vision of unearthly loveliness met my gaze.

In one of the oaken stalls to the right of the altar, a young girl was kneeling. She was dazzlingly fair. Her large blue eyes were fixed upon the tabernacle with a look so intent it seemed to pierce the marble door in its search for the hidden Lord. It was what might have been the look of the spouse in the Canticles, when she pleaded, "I conjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I languish with love!"

Save for the hectic spot upon her transparent cheeks,

— "the rose whose root is death,"

save for the coral tint of the sensitive mouth, her skin was as white as the sweet-alyssum that filled the altar-vases.

She wore the brown habit of the Magdalens, the cincture knotted loosely around her slender waist. The ethereal beauty of the face was heightened by the shadow of her black veil, and a tiny fringe of hair (golden, as were her lashes and eyebrows) had escaped from under the linen band upon her forehead, and gave a childish grace to the pure brow.

Never can I forget her expression of rapt, adoring love. The rosary lay across her wasted hands, but a glance told that she was making no vocal prayer. Through the portals

of silence she had gone up into the secrecy of her Beloved, and was talking to him, not with the noise of words, but heart to heart, soul to soul, in an ecstasy more eloquent than speech.

The opening of the chapel door by the Superioress let in a gust of song. "The children," as the penitents were tenderly termed, were singing a hymn in an adjoining room, and the words dropped distinctly into the silence:

"Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An off'ring worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?"

"When bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She, o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious odors poured,

"And wiped them with that golden hair
Where once the diamond shone,—
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone!"

The sunlight had just struck the stained glass of a window opposite the fair young Magdalen. A shower of prismatic light fell athwart her dark habit and trembled over her quiet face. But her expression had changed. Great tears rolled down her cheeks, the hollow cough shook her slight frame, while pealing through the empty corridor, above all arose the clear melody of the penitents' hymn:

"Were not those sweets so humbly shed,
That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the sunk heart that inly bled
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?"

"Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
Love much—and be forgiven!"

Mère Marie put her finger to her lips, and, with a profound reverence to the Blessed Sacrament, led me silently from the chapel into the nuns' garden. It was the hour for the noon recreation. On the rustic settle under the great elm tree she seated herself beside me, and told me this story:

You have just seen the little angel of the House, Sister Magdalen of the Holy Cross. Five years ago she was known in the world as Ursula Des-

mond, lady's maid to the wife of a famous physician in an adjoining city.

Dr. L'Inconnu (I give him a name in lieu of the one charity forbids me to mention) was an aristocrat in high position, the heir of a large fortune, which his own successful practice had doubled and trebled. He stood in the front rank of his profession. Born of a race of physicians, noted among the Huguenots for their skill and personal beauty, this descendant of the French Calvinists, if false to everything else, was true at least to the main tradition of his family. He was known in his day and generation as the handsome doctor who rarely lost a patient. And in person he *was* notably elegant. Face and form were cast in a faultless mould, and travel and culture had added to his natural gifts a most fascinating address.

But his polished education was simply a pagan one. The man was utterly devoid of principle, and with all his boasted pride of birth and intellect, the willing slave of his own degraded passions.

Under the roof of this accomplished profligate, little Ursula found herself, at the age of eighteen, with no other protection for her innocence than that of heaven and her guardian angel.

You see her now, still lovely, despite the ravages of the painful decline that is consuming her life. Then, neither care nor disease had touched her beauty. She was fresh and radiant in her young bloom as yonder moss-rose when it sparkles with the dew in the sunlight of the early morning.

Her attendance on her mistress (who was an Italian, and bitterly jealous of her husband) brought her daily under the evil eye of the doctor. The *naïveté*, the simple refinement of the little maid, astonished him, attracted him, even more than her exquisite blonde beauty. It was

a new and interesting study for him; a fresh sensation in a life grown *blasé*. But he saw clearly that he must do nothing to repel or shock that pure soul.

Ursula was an orphan with no living relative this side the ocean. Her good Irish father and mother, dying of the epidemic the year of a great fever, had left her in lieu of worldly wealth,—which they had never possessed,—that pearl beyond price which had always been their own—the precious and undefiled inheritance of the holy Catholic and Apostolic faith.

They had done more. They had carefully trained the infant mind and heart of their daughter, instilling into both, during the few years they were spared to her, the solid precepts of the fear and love of God.

Such seed sown in such soil never fails of its fruit.

The burning rays of earthly passion may scorch the grain for a season, but the sowers have cast themselves with a mighty faith upon the Lord, and the dew of heavenly grace in the end perfects the harvest.

Skilfully and secretly did this demon of a doctor set himself to sow tares in this fair field. His tenderness to the little orphan was as that of an elder brother. His attentions were so delicate. The pretty gifts he offered her, *sub rosa*, so artfully chosen. Tokens of appreciation, he hinted, from her fond mistress, who considerably took this plan of evading thanks. Could he speak as a friend and father? Could he truthfully assure that fond mistress, who seemed an icy block of *hauteur*, that her little maid was happy—that she did not feel lonely in her new home? (This was in the large garden when Ursula was by herself gathering flowers for the vases; or when he came upon her alone in the corridors, going to or from her lady's room.) And instead of freezing to death upstairs in the dressing-room (this was when he found her sitting

late over the fire, waiting her fond mistress's return from the opera), would not the little maid beguile the weary hours in the warm library without a fear of disturbing the doctor at his books?

Little by little the poor young creature began to waver. It was not in nature to resist that practiced *roué*; and Ursula Desmond gradually drifted away from the assistance of grace.

First, it was only a shortening of her daily prayers and her spiritual reading. As the weeks rolled by, she came to omit them entirely. Neglect of the morning mass slowly but surely gravitated into missing the holy sacrifice on Sundays and holy days. Her keen perceptions of right and wrong were getting dulled and strangely confused. Love of admiration and a fondness for dress were the natural weaknesses of her girlish character, both hitherto kept in check by the marvellous, compelling power of prayer and the sacraments. Fatalest delusion of the whole! there had now come a time when she gave up (God help her!) her monthly confession and communion; and in that hour of lukewarm misery, every weakness of her nature rose up and ruled her like a giant king.

How could she go to the most holy sacraments with the unholy vision, the fascinating image of another woman's husband between her and her God? She would not commit a sacrilege. She would stay away from confession until she was better prepared. Some of these quiet days in Lent she would feel more devout, more unworldly, freer from this agitation of the heart that unfitted her for prayer, and then she would go to holy communion.

It was as one who says: "I am very, very cold, but I will not go near the fire until I am warm. I am very, very filthy, but I will not go near the water until I am cleansed!"

Here was the *coup de main* of

Satan's strategy, cruel as it was plausible. To love the danger was to perish therein. The poor little maid had thrown away her oars; the rapids were steep and dangerous; and instead of crying out, "Help! Lord, or I perish!" she had shut her eyes that she might not see the whirlpool that was sucking her in, the awful cataract down which her little boat was to plunge at last and dash her into the boiling surges of eternal destruction.

But the demon can only go the length of his chain. The fierce dog may spring and bark at the Master's children, but mighty and resistless is the Hand that drives him to his kennel.

This poor little tempted one had served God faithfully through all the years of her young life. In His own good time He would rescue her, but it must be after she had thoroughly learned the humiliating lesson of her own weakness.

When Mrs. L'Inconnu went up with her servants in the early June to the family country-seat at Walnut Hills, she was astonished at the doctor's proposition to accompany her. He had not done such a thing for years. Not since that one long-gone spring when (after their Italian wedding) he had brought her over the seas, a bride, to Walnut Hills.

It was his custom to spend his summers away from her at some of the fashionable baths, at home or abroad; and he had always averred that he detested the country. Now, however, his valet had orders to send out the thoroughbreds from the city stables. The Doctor's own especial traps followed the horses. The clubhouse knew him no more, and the Doctor, in proper person, prepared to give himself up to the delights of rural life.

It was a renewal of the honeymoon. There were rides; there were walks; there were strolls among the flower-beds and fountains; and sails upon a neighboring lake. But,

to his wife's intense joy (for her love of him amounted to idolatry), Dr. L'Inconnu spent most of his time in her pretty rustic dressing-room.

Ursula grew daily more and more unhappy. The respectful deference of the Doctor's manner in her regard never altered a jot; but whether he rode, or whether he walked, whether he talked, or whether he read, the master never lost sight of the little maid. No cunning spider ever spun his web around a pretty, shining fly with greater subtlety or skill.

Seconding the natural indolence of his wife, he so managed it, that, what with seeing to her mistress's shawls and fans when she rode, holding the parasol over her head when she walked, Ursula was never free from the spell of his evil presence.

Indoors, the poor child could not raise her head from her work without encountering those brilliant eyes. Sometimes the gaze was pensively tender, again sadly beseeching, as if the fatally handsome face would complain in its mute expressiveness: "See how I suffer! If I am miserable it is because of you!"

In the middle of August Mrs. L'Inconnu sent Ursula down to town for a day's shopping.

Some hours after her departure the Doctor came into his lady's boudoir crushing a paper in his hand.

A telegram from Dr. Blank,* he said. A patient at West End, a prominent merchant, was sick unto death, and his presence in the city was required at a consultation.

"And there is an end to our nice little dinner, *al fresco* (for, of course, I shall not get back to-night), and our moonlight sail on the lake. To leave this cool, shady castle, for the hot, dusty town—it is a plunge from heaven into the Inferno. Confound the man! If he takes a pleasure in making his last will and testament in such broiling weather as this, he ought to have some mercy on the doctors!"

And with a "Farewell, Paradise!"

that made his wife's dark face glow with pleasure, the arch-deceiver was off for the train.

Ursula was in the town-house, in the deserted dressing-room, arranging her purchases in a little satchel. With her face in repose and the white lids lowered, one could see how thin and careworn the lovely contour had grown. There was a sad droop in the red lips and little anxious lines between her brows.

She started and let slip the delicate lace she was folding, when a voice beside her said softly:

"Little 'Sula!"

There was but *one* who ever thus abbreviated her quaint name. The mellow voice was only too familiar. Her master himself stood there. The blood rushed to her heart. In her painful embarrassment she caught at the dressing-table to save herself from falling. He wilfully misinterpreted her emotion.

"Is the sight of me then so offensive to you?" he said reproachfully.

"I am ill," she stammered, and made an effort to pass him, intending, poor child, to quit the presence that so unnerved her.

But he detained her gently, respectfully.

"You *are* ill," he said. "You need rest, recreation. That is the reason I followed you from Walnut Hills. Mrs. L'Inconnu and I have talked the matter over, marking how pale and thin you have grown of late. You are so dear to her, she has charged me to say you need not hurry yourself to return."

This was all as false as the man's false heart. Ursula wondered while she listened.

"You are to send this" (and he touched the satchel), "back by express; to-morrow morning will do. And then you must cast all care from your mind, relax thoroughly. And we will see if a few days' perfect rest will not restore our little maid's lost roses."

He stood a few paces from her, his arms folded, and his elegant head drooping as with a secret sorrow.

"Darling little 'Sula, why are you unhappy?"

His gaze was so sad, so searching, the poor girl burst into tears.

He began to talk soothingly, in a dreamy voice, as though communing with himself; weaving about her, all the while, one of those devilish sophisms with which the prince of this world is now ensnaring the sons and daughters of men.

"Love is an emotion beyond the control of the will," he said gently. "It was not made to be curbed or trammelled by creed or ceremony. It was not meant, like the genii of the fairy tale, to be the slave of a ring and a cabalistic word. Love is free, broad, limitless as the air we breathe. A marriage without love is a body without life."

Here he grew vehement.

"And I am chained to this corpse! O, Ursula, pity me!"

The girl was sobbing violently.

"Let me go," she pleaded.

"There is no need for you to go," he said with the sad reproach again in his voice; "in a moment I will relieve you of my presence. I am going to the club-house for the night. But it is hard to bear. You refuse to confide in me, your best friend. I see you fading away, like a broken flower, before my eyes, and you will not let me help you. 'Sula! before you drive me from you, despairing and desolate, will you not say one word to cheer the loneliness of my sleepless night?"

"What would you ask of me?" she questioned in a strange, unnatural voice.

His face underwent a curious change. The pupils of his eyes dilated, a faint smile of triumph trembled about his lips.

"Meet me in the East Park to-morrow morning between ten and eleven. I will bring the little *coupé* with me. We can begin your holi-

day with a ride to a pleasant old country inn I know of (a secluded spot, as pretty as a picture); and on the road I will explain to you more fully these beautiful theories which will make both our future lives so much the happier. Will you promise to go?"

"I cannot!" She groaned as if tortured.

He turned a little aside. He leaned his folded arms upon the mantel-shelf, and bowed his handsome head upon them. She could not see his face, but from the tremor of his shoulders she suspected he was weeping.

The last barrier broke down. The tears on her cheeks were like thunder drops.

"I will promise," she cried aloud; and then fled from him, up flight after flight of winding stairs to her own little empty room.

She locked the door and fell upon her knees. There, by her bed, was her own little private shrine with its statue of the Blessed Mother, and its little hoard of pious books. But the dust lay thick upon everything; and she dared not turn her eyes upon the crucifix where her True Lover hung in His agony, the wounds whereby He had ransomed her, open and bloody, in hands and feet and side.

All night long she sobbed and prayed in broken words: "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner! Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" And when the morning star shone in at her window, silver amid the rose-tints of the coming dawn, she remembered dimly the fair Morning Star that preceded the advent of the Sun of Justice, and added to her petition:

"Refuge of sinners! pray for me!"

She did not notice that the church bells rang gladly over the city long after the chimes of the early Angelus had ceased.

Later in the morning, when she tied on her hat and hurried through the sultry streets to the express of-

fice, she was too absorbed to notice the people passing her with prayer-books in their hands. Too absorbed to notice that they glanced from time to time at the sky, which had changed, and was lowering darkly with the promise of a coming storm.

Her purchases expressed to Walnut Hills, she was leaving the office, like one walking in her sleep, when a blinding flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a terrific thunder-clap, aroused her from her troubled thoughts. She was still many blocks from the East Park, and the rain was descending in torrents.

A church door stood open before her. A crowd of worshippers were hurrying towards it. She followed them mechanically. A sudden recollection made her stop in the vestibule, and cross herself with holy water. A young Sister of Charity, with a sweet peaceful face, was leading in a group of little orphans. Ursula laid her trembling hand upon the Sister's arm.

"What day is this?" she asked in a smothered voice.

"The feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady," replied the Sister's tranquil tones.

The unhappy girl slipped past her with a groan; and in an obscure corner of the Church threw herself prostrate on the ground. Her forehead touched the floor. She wept passionately, and made again and again her two broken petitions.

"Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner! Refuge of sinners, pray for me!"

The interior of the church was dim with the summer storm; but the altar lights shone bravely.

Between the bursts of thunder which followed each other in quick succession (as though the celestial city were being bombarded), there swept a solemn wave of harmony flooding the sacred spot. It was the organ softly preluding in the loft overhead.

A priest vested in white and gold

came into the sanctuary with his troop of acolytes. The Mass began.

Sweet, well-trained voices sang the pathetic "*Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison!*" which soothed the heart of the agitated girl, like the lullaby of a tender mother hushing a frightened child.

It was, indeed, the pleading voice of the tenderest of mothers, the grand, the venerable, the large-hearted Mother Church, standing between the eternal Father and His erring daughter, and beseeching Him to have mercy and to spare.

Spare, O Lord! spare thy people, and be not angry with us forever!

If Ursula's tears still fell fast and thick, they had ceased to be bitter, burning ones.

It all came back to her like a blessed dream, or rather like a thrice blessed reality, lost in the later troubles of her darkened days.

Her mother on one side of her, her father on the other, and all three kneeling in the little chapel at home, hearing the Mass of our Blessed Lady's feast. Fresh from the holy tribunal of penance, they were making ready their hearts in humble, earnest prayer, for the visit of the Sacramental Guest. The world and its pomps and pleasures, its follies and its crimes, were nothing to them, for heaven was in their pure and simple souls.

As the summer wind blew damp through the open windows, she could almost fancy it heavy with the salt breath of the sea washing, far away, the rocks around the dear old island chapel.

On through the *Gloria* and the *Collects* she wept softly, thinking of her faithful dead. But at the Gospel she grew singularly calm; and the sermon that followed was to her (in God's great mercy), what no other sermon had ever been before.

It was on the text of the day.

"*But one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her.*"

Mary, the model of penitents, sitting at the feet of Jesus and hearing His loving defence, His royal acceptance of her silent worship.

If Ursula Desmond had been that day the only occupant of the large church, and the Jesuit, who preached, had read the open book of her heart, even as the searching eye of her Maker was then and there reading it, the sermon could not have been more peculiarly applicable to her alone.

It was as though some great, invincible Hand caught up her poor, trembling, tempted soul, and stripping it of the flesh and of the illusions of the senses, set it face to face with its Creator. The vapors of earthly passion rolled away. The end of her creation, like a bright star, shone full upon her, and her humble, contrite heart was plunged, buried, lost in the sweet, strong, sovereign ocean of the will of God.

When the preacher went down from his pulpit, and laid aside his stole in the sacristy, he said to his brother priest:

"I don't know what came over me just now. I have done this morning what I never did before—prepared one sermon and preached another. Instead of talking, as I meant to do, of the glory of Mary, the queen of angels, my notes all went out of my head, and I could speak of nothing save the mercy of Mary, the refuge of sinners."

But Ursula's guardian angel knew the reason why. The Mass was over, and a soul was saved from perdition. Quitting the church the young girl hailed a passing coach, and shutting herself into it, came straight out to this secluded refuge.

The East Park was on the way, and when she passed it, Ursula saw the *coupé* waiting under the trees, and Dr. L'Inconnu pacing leisurely up and down the wet gravel-path, with a keen eye for every chance pedestrian.

She drew closer her veil, and

shrank back into the coach; while the terror, nay, loathing, that filled her heart, told her the fatal spell of that man's enchantment was broken forever. May the good God be praised for all His mercies!

"Amen," said I; and Mère Marie paused and crossed herself devoutly.

"From the first interview I had with her," she continued, "I felt assured that Ursula Desmond would never leave us more. The ravens might go out, one by one, in their turn, to feed on the decaying carrion; but for this poor little frightened dove there was no home on the wide, troubled waters, no spot on which to rest her foot, save in the blessed ark of religion.

And her conversion was as complete as it was sudden. She went to God with her whole heart. Her gratitude for her miraculous rescue was so profound, so absorbing, she never once looked back to the burning city of destruction from which she had esaped.

For a time her place was in the children's protectory, where she edified us all by her fidelity, her generosity, her wonderful humility. But so marked was her vocation to the Magdalens (which, as you know, is a separate branch of our institute for such of the reformed penitents as feel a call to devote themselves, under a religious rule, to lives of cloistered austerity), so marked, I say, was Ursula's vocation to this life of penance, that the usual period of probation was shortened in her regard, and she entered the novitiate of the Magdalens six months after she came to us.

The day of her reception I was called to the parlor to see a strange visitor. It was a lady of stately and imposing presence. A tall lady, whose face was invisible. She wore her veil down, and it was so thick I could not discern a single feature. The elegance of her dress, her jewels, her velvet mantle, her costly furs, all seemed to indicate wealth; but under the roof of the Good Shepherd

we have learned to attach but little importance to these things. The vanities of dress and fashion, the greed for purple and fine linen, send us, unfortunately, too many of our inmates.

I waited for this veiled lady to speak. When she did so, it was with a strong foreign accent. "You have here a reformatory for women?" she questioned.

"We have here a home for the lost children of the good God," I replied.

She laughed a little scornful laugh. "'Lost children of the good God!' *Madre di Dio!* what a comedy! Are they not rather the lost children of the good Lucifer, whom their father will not fail to find?" Then with a sudden, abrupt severity: "Tell me, is Ursula Desmond one of these dear lost children?"

It is a rule of ours when a penitent once crosses the threshold of our house, and puts on its uniform, to give to her a new name; so that the old name and the old life may alike be cast off and forgotten together. That day the identity of Ursula Desmond was doubly lost in Sister Magdalen of the Holy Cross. I said therefore to my strange guest, "Ursula Desmond no longer exists."

She brought her hands together with a passionate vehemence. "*Altro!* is she then dead?"

"Dead to the world and to herself," I answered. "She has taken to-day the holy habit of religion."

"Ha! she is then still living under this roof?" cried the veiled lady with a fierce sort of joy in her voice.

"Why do you ask?"

A sudden calm came over her. She seemed to grow still and statue-like, even to the very tips of her quick-moving fingers, as she answered in slow, passionless tones: "Because, my good sister, I wish to follow her example."

I was really surprised at the reply. I hastened to assure myself that I was not mistaken. "Do I under-

stand you aright? You wish, madam, to become an inmate of our house?"

"With your permission, my good sister, yes. I wish to reform; is not that the proper word? Ah! yes, reform! I am a sinner—a sinner—a sinner—a lost and deserted woman! I come out of a wicked world to follow—Ursula Desmond!"

The slow even tones in which she began the sentence, ended in a burst of hissing defiance, impossible to describe. It was as though she ground each word bitterly between her teeth, and then spat it, with scorn, in my face. But we are used to the ways of desperate women, and we know what a tumult of despair the devil raises when he sees his prey escaping him.

I led her quietly into the children's wardrobe, and presented her with the uniform.

"You must lay aside the dress you wear," I said to her, "and put this on instead."

She thrust it from her with both hands, and it fell upon the floor. She set her foot upon it proudly.

"Never will I so degrade myself! Am I a convict or a maniac, that I should put on such vile attire? I will wear my own dress and no other."

I reasoned with her, I pleaded with her, for her soul's sake, to submit to this trifling humiliation.

Finally, all gentler arguments failing me, I told her she could not remain in the House unless she wore the uniform.

On the instant she yielded. Her sudden submission amazed me. It was the same singular change from fire to ice that I had witnessed in the parlor.

She quietly picked up the despised dress, and began to loosen the cords of her mantle.

As she dropped the mass of velvet from her shoulders, there came to light so rich a dress of satin, so royal a necklace of diamonds, together with laces that were worth a fortune,

that I did not wonder at her repugnance to a muslin cap and a coarse serge gown.

But she still kept down her veil.

Thinking it a whim, which, like the other, would be mastered in the end, I said nothing, but assisted her in her silent toilette. She deliberately took off her bracelets and her jewels, and laid aside her elegant collar. Then she hesitated, shaking from head to foot, as with an ague. A sudden faintness seemed to seize her, and she fell heavily into a chair.

I tried to take off her veil, but she resisted mutely. To relieve her, to give her air, I began to unfasten the buttons of her bodice, but her strength seemed to come back to her in a second. She thrust me away—she sprang to her feet—she turned her back abruptly upon me. But not before I had caught a glimpse of something that froze the blood in my veins. *It was the jewelled hilt of a dagger hidden in her bosom!*

I walked quietly to the door, and called in the portress. She was the strongest Sister in the house. A Belgian woman, with the muscle of a man, who did not know what fear meant.

I turned the lock on the door, and put the key in my pocket.

"Now," said I to my veiled lady, "be pleased to hand me out that knife!"

It was fearful to see her desperation. She was like a caged and goaded tigress.

First she resisted fiercely, and poured forth a torrent of Italian invective; stormed up and down the room, threatened us, and beat with her hands upon the heavy door.

Finding it secured, in a sudden awful way she took her life into her hands, and, like a maniac, would have stabbed herself on the spot if Sister Portress had not closed with her, and wrenched the weapon from her grasp. And a tough struggle

our good Sister had of it, the woman was so strong.

Striving to free herself, she tore off her veil at last, and stood panting, with white lips, before us. A dark, handsome face, with the large eyes full of a burning despair.

"Look on me," she gasped, "and learn the motive that has driven me hither. Revenge! I am Mrs. L'Inconnu, and I came to murder Ursula Desmond!"

I could not speak for surprise.

"Give me back the knife," she cried, "and let me plunge it in the traitorous breast of the *gettatrice!* She has stolen from me the affections of my husband. She has so wound herself about his heart that he swears he cannot live without her. He neither eats nor sleeps, searching the wide city for her. And to-day his lawyer came to me with a divorce. The husband I worshipped has deserted me forever. I am a despised and broken-hearted woman!"

With a wail of agony pitiful to hear, she fell prone at my feet. And stooping, I gathered her to my bosom, and laid my hand upon the throbbing veins of her suffering head, and spake to her the words with which the good God inspired me.

When she grew suddenly quiet and cold in my arms, the Sister Portress said,

"She has fainted."

And so we carried her across the passage, and put her in the infirmary. Over that threshold living she was to go forth no more. The measure of her years was running out; only ten little days and nights remained to her.

It was a cerebral fever, and the hot delirium never left her till the whiteness of death began to settle on her face.

But oh, my child, how beautiful was that death at last!

Our dear Lord granted her a great grace, and I cannot help thinking it

came to her through Ursula Desmond's prayers.

Night and day the poor young novice knelt before the Tabernacle, begging for this sign of her own forgiveness,—the conversion of her mistress, and the crowning mercy of a holy death.

And when it came to pass that the dying woman (conscious before her agony), craved the last sacraments with humble fervor; when she forgot her broken earthly idol, and turned to her Eternal Love with all the burning desire of her great Italian heart—then at her bedside knelt the happy Ursula, and felt her mistress's cold hand upon her head, and heard the music of those tender words, long prayed for, never to be forgotten,

"May our merciful God forgive me, *povrina*, even as I forgive thee, from the depths of my soul!"

This was the story of Mère Marie, and here you have the postscript of her letter, laid upon my desk this stormy Christmas Eve:

"Of your sweet charity pray for the soul of Sister Magdalen of the Holy Cross, who went to God on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. She received holy communion that day, with the rest, at the early mass, and seemed stronger and brighter than usual. But an hour after, we found her kneeling at the foot of the great crucifix in the cemetery, her head bowed upon its base, and her arm thrown lovingly across the grave of her dead mistress. When we lifted up her face, it was white as the new-fallen snow around it, but it wore a smile of ineffable beauty.

"She was dead."

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MARKS OF THE CHURCH.

THE Church is holy in its origin, which is no other than God, through Jesus Christ; in its object, which is the sanctification of men; in its means of sanctification, which are truth and grace; in its interior life, which is Christ and the Holy Ghost; in its effects in so many of its members, which effects are always in proportion to their participation in the interior life of the Church. The Church is holy, because, although it requires all creatures to be subject to God, it does not deprive them of their own activity, but requires their co-operation with God, according to their powers. It recognizes man as a free agent; exacts holiness of thoughts, the development of these thoughts in life, true love of God and of our neighbor, mortification of our passions, sacrifice of self; and for this end it works in and with man.

When we attribute to the Church the character of holiness, we do not thereby assert the absence or exclusion from it of all that are not holy. Our Lord himself compares his Church to a field, in which good and evil fruit grow together; to a barn-floor, on which there is good grain and straw, which is to be consumed by fire; to a net, which has inclosed good and bad fish; to a marriage feast, of which the unworthy partake with the worthy. In the Church, as described by sacred Scripture, there are good and evil servants; the wise and foolish virgins; sheep and goats. In it the sinner is to remain, and is not to be excluded until after repeated exhortations he show himself obstinate in his opposition to its authority (Matt. 18). Did not our Lord teach his disciples, and the faithful, to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses?" Did he not institute

the sacrament of penance for sinners who are members of his Church? Our Lord never declared that the holy alone formed his Church, and that all sinners were excluded from it. The same may be said of the Apostles. Many exhortations of St. Paul, and of the other Apostles, are addressed to sinners in the Church. In the Church there are vessels of gold and of meaner materials (2 Tim. 11). Ananias and Sapphira were in the Church, as also was the incestuous Corinthian. Are we not, according to St. James, to confess our sins one to another; and is not the sick man, who is anointed by the priests, to obtain pardon of his sins?

That sinners do not cease to be members of the Church is declared generally by the Fathers in agreement with St. Augustine, whose words will be sufficient for our present purpose. "Let the Church remember (says Augustine), that in her very enemies are concealed her future citizens; nor let her think it a fruitless labor to endure their hate until she hear their confession, or she hath also, as long as she is in the pilgrimage of this world, some that are partakers of the same sacraments with her, that shall not be partakers of the saints' glories with her, who are partly known and partly unknown. . . . But we have the less reason to despair of the reformation of some of these, as we have amongst our more open adversaries, those who, unconscious of it, are our predestined friends." "The wine-presses then signify that not only the wine, but husks of grapes, are subjected under feet; not only sheep and oxen, that is the holy souls of the faithful, whether amongst the laity or in the ministry, but moreover beasts of sensuality, and birds of pride, and fishes of curiosity, all of which kinds of sinners we see now commingled in the Church with the good and holy. . . . If we are good in the Church of Christ, we are the wheat; if we are bad in the Church of Christ, we

are the chaff, yet we depart not from the threshing-floor." Civ. Dei, Ps. 8.

The Fathers compare the Church to the ark, in which there were with Noe and his sons many clean and unclean animals; so that men are not to remain out of the Church, much less are they to abandon it, because they may find sinners therein; they are not to charge the Church with the crimes of these wicked members. The Church does not connive at their wickedness by keeping them amongst its children, but wishes only to convert them from their iniquity. But it is a truth that the number and enormity of the sins of the members of the Church have been designedly exaggerated by its enemies, and it is certain that exclusion from the ark of salvation of all who may not be holy, would prove dangerous. "We wished (says St. Augustine), if it were possible, that nothing bad should remain amongst the good; but it was said to us: Allow it to grow until the harvest. Wherefore? Because you are such as may be deceived. Listen still further; lest, perhaps, whilst you wish to root up the cockle, you root up also the wheat with it. What good are you doing? Will you not destroy my harvest by your much laboring? Let the reapers come, and he has made it plain who the reapers are: the angels are the reapers. We are men; the angels are the reapers. We too, indeed, if we shall have perfected our course, shall be equal to God's angels; but now, when we affect indignation against the wicked we are yet men; and it behooveth us now to hear this only: 'Wherefore let him who thinketh to stand, take heed lest he fall.'" Sermon 73.

The Church has to overcome fallen nature in its individual members, and the world, which is even more and more opposed to it. To receive within itself that which is not holy, and to confirm in its principles that which it has received, is the object of the Church through all time. To

expect to see this sacred institution without sinful members, would be to require that the work of redemption should cease, that time should discontinue its course, and that the final judgment should arrive. The Church is holy in its origin, in its principles, in its object, and in its means of sanctification ; but the application of these means is not always holy in its effects. "God alone is perfection, and the Son of God alone is perfect ; all the rest of us are but half perfect." Optat. Mil. Should we be told of the vices of some of the chiefs of the Church, we shall at once think of Judas, and still remember that the grace and truth of Christ are necessarily independent of the personal character of those who dispense them, because they are the grace and truth of the Lord, and have been given for the good of mankind, and because the grace by which we are sanctified is not the gift of man, but the gift of God, who dispenses it to us through men. That sinners who are in the Church do not destroy its sanctity, and that the unholy lives of those who dispense the sacraments do not affect their validity and power, has been acknowledged by heretics whenever they paused in their labor of vituperation.

The adversaries of the spouse of Christ endeavor to disguise their unholy condition, by diverting attention from sanctity as an essential mark of the Church. Hence it is stated in the nineteenth article of Elizabethan establishment, called "The Church of England, by law established :—" "The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." Those who make the marks of the Church to be the true preaching of the word of God, and the true administration of the sacraments, make that, which is in itself unknown,

to be the sign of that which is known. Now it is evident that the sign, the mark of a thing, must be something more clear than the thing signed to which it belongs, and which it is to make known to us. This is an inversion of the natural order of things, for, the Church was instituted for this very purpose, that we might be instructed in the true doctrine of Christ, and be made partakers of the true sacraments, and that we might be certain that we were being instructed in the true doctrine, and that we partook of the true sacraments. Through the visible Christ we come to the word ; we seek a man by his body, not by his soul, for we know that where that is, this must be. We discover the interior, and that which is beyond our senses, by the exterior, and by that which is within reach of our senses. That amongst the marks of the Church, unity and catholicity, as they are more comprehensible than sanctity, possess a higher respective dignity, as marks by which the Church is made known, will be readily granted. But on the other hand, the absence of a holy perfection of life, and the entire renunciation of the higher degrees of perfection—the Evangelical counsels, of virginity and voluntary poverty—by which a more severe adherence to Christ is made known ; further, the declaration of principles which teach that free will is nothing, and that all so-called good works are evil, is a sufficient condemnation of many establishments that claim divine institution.

Therefore, that institution, the origin of which is in the highest antiquity, which has been preserved in a continuity of succession, from the earliest ages down to the present day, namely, the Catholic Church, is the true Church ; for it has all the qualities, all the marks which have been developed in the evidences of religion ; for as it has always continued in a state of coherence, it is, in its development, only a continuance

and progress of one and the same Church; otherwise, the Church of Christ would be without duration, without progress in time, which would destroy its catholicity. It is self-evident that a development of the Church, of Christianity, of the dogmas which it contains, a development from within to without, does not destroy the unity of the Church, but only shows its vitality, that it demonstrates its self-coherence and non-inanimation, its durability and non-rigidity. This is the Church, which, in the times of persecution, possessed such immense numbers of martyrs and confessors, which God has always distinguished by miracles, and in which he still listens in the most extraordinary manner to the prayers of the faithful.

Therefore no modern association is the Church, for these have not the qualities which are found to exist necessarily in the Church of Christ, because they are not in relation of succession and continuity with the

ancient Church; the condition of the preservation and handing down of the properties of the first Church does not exist in them; because, moreover, as they form no union with the first Church, neither do they in and with themselves. In their teaching, they are in constant change, or rather in a constant exhibition and adoption of the negative principle. Amongst them there is no objective, permanent faith, to which all must subject themselves, but each one believes whatever he can, according to his own private understanding and feelings; or whatever he pleases, according to his subjective predilections. That no modern so-called Church will acknowledge its recent origin, we can easily understand; and we can understand still more easily, that an establishment which knows no connection with the foundation of Christ, is a novelty, a mockery, and a silly mimicry in all its claims and pretensions.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF REBOUL.

I.

ABOVE a little cradle leans

An angel full of radiant grace,
And there, as in a crystal stream,
Beholds his own reflected face.

II.

“Oh, come with me, fair child!” he says,
“Sweet babe! so like to me thou art,
The earth unworthy is of thee—
Come share my bliss; with me depart!”

III.

And so the holy angel takes

His flight, with silver pinions spread:
The while he seeks the courts of light,—
Poor mother! see, your child is dead!

TO WHOM WE ARE INDEBTED FOR THE PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

THE recent robbing of convents and religious houses, by the Italian government, of the literary treasures which they had accumulated and carefully preserved in their libraries, is only an instance of what has often transpired in past times. To the Church the world owes whatever knowledge it now has, not only of mediæval, but also of ancient literature. It was by her efforts and care, and mainly through her religious orders, that the writings of Roman and Grecian authors that have come down to us, were rescued from destruction. The same remark holds good in regard to the writings of the Christian apologists and doctors of the first ages of the Church and those of the middle ages.

Few persons are aware of the full extent and power of the hostile agencies that, from time to time, actively conspired to destroy the results of human thought.

"Ancient Roman libraries," remarked a learned writer, "fell with the Roman empire itself; the same ruthless barbarians compassed the destruction of both. The fierce Northmen, who overran Europe in the fifth and sixth centuries, destroyed libraries with the temples or churches to which they were attached, and the monasteries in which they were contained. What cared the steel-clad and steel-hearted warrior of the North for the appliances of ancient Roman literature? What use could he find for those rare and precious volumes? Perhaps he fancied the cover of the book, if it were chased in gold or silver, or bedecked with jewels and pearls; but the work itself was for him a sealed treasure. To possess himself of the casket, he recklessly destroyed its precious contents."

The Saracens, and also the Icono-

clasts of the East, conspired with the fierce Northmen of the West for the destruction of ancient books. Every one knows of the famous order of the Caliph Omar in regard to the splendid library of Alexandria. How more than five hundred thousand volumes were sacrificed to the insatiable Moloch of Mohammedanism; and how the baths of Alexandria were warmed for months with the fuel of those books, which contained the accumulated treasures of the past. This one wanton act of fanatical destruction has perhaps wholly deprived the world of hundreds of ancient works of priceless value.

The Iconoclasts of the East in the eighth century, under the pretence of zeal for religion, destroyed vast collections, not only of valuable paintings and sculptures, but also of books. To furnish one instance out of many which might be alleged, that illiterate tyrant, Leo, the Isaurian, ordered fifty thousand books to be destroyed in Constantinople, under the specious pretext that they fostered superstition! A popular insurrection completed the destruction of the large collection of books which the early Greek emperors had accumulated in the imperial city of Constantine.

Thus Goth, Vandal, Iconoclast, and Saracen all conspired for the destruction of ancient libraries, and it was not surely their fault if any vestige of them was suffered to remain. Can we wonder that with all these untoward circumstances combined, together with the universal disorders, which rendered literary pursuits almost impossible, many works of the ancients should have perished? Should we not rather be surprised that any portion of them should have been preserved?

We know of no means by which to account for this preservation, except that of the Christian Church, which grew up amid the ruins of the old Roman empire, and which undertook the guardianship of what still remained of the old Roman and Greek learning. The Church is the only connecting link between ancient and modern literature and civilization. But for her agency—and she was sustained by a divine power, while everything human was crumbling around her—it is not possible to conceive how any vestige of classical learning could have survived to the present day. Learning was on the eve of perishing from the face of the earth; civilization was about to be swallowed up by one universal deluge of barbarism; the Church alone survived the universal wreck, and she alone, by her powerful influences, stemmed the rushing torrent, and prevented the torch of learning from being utterly and hopelessly extinguished. “She gathered up with eager solicitude the miserable remnants of the books which still remained, carefully copied and multiplied them, added to them her own treasures of ecclesiastical writings, and placed the new Christian libraries, for greater safety, under the protection of her own priesthood and the shadow of her sacred temples.”

The art of printing, it must be remembered, was then unknown, and the work of reproducing and multiplying books by copying them in manuscript was tedious and laborious, requiring time and patience, extreme care, and great skill in the use of the pen.

The ancient monasteries did more to remedy this difficulty than all other agencies combined. All of the monastic orders employed some of those who were subject to their rule as copyists. St. Jerome strongly recommended this occupation to the Eastern cenobites—a name given to those who had all things in common.

The monks of St. Martin of Tours had no other manual occupation. In the sixth century St. Ferreol laid down the rule: “Let him paint the page with the hand, who does not cultivate the earth with the plough.” Cassiodorus calls this work of copying “A godlike occupation, multiplying celestial words, speaking to the absent, wounding Satan.”

“The Benedictines were engaged from the very infancy of their order, in the first part of the sixth century, in tilling the soil and in transcribing manuscripts.” Every monastery had a hall (called scriptorium) specially set apart for copying books. The learned Alcuin in the beginning of the ninth century enjoins the strictest silence on the part of those engaged in copying, “in order to avoid dissipation of the mind, which, during so noble an occupation, should be centred on God.” The larger monasteries had at least twelve copyists constantly employed. These monks were not blind copyists. They were often men of great learning, as for example Dunstan, Alcuin, and others. They carefully collated and corrected the manuscripts they transcribed. Thus as early as the sixth century one of the oldest monks of the monasteries of Mesmin, near Orleans, in France, was employed in arranging and collating the books of the monastic library, and the learned Alcuin, to whom reference has already been made, collated the different manuscripts of the Bible, and presented to Charlemagne a complete, corrected copy of the Sacred Scriptures.

The Church also encouraged the establishment of libraries as soon as, by the means above mentioned, books began again to exist.

The Vatican Library was established in the sixth century. Early in the middle ages it acquired the fame which it retains to this day. The literary antiquary, in search of ancient manuscripts and books, must still search its shelves. There were other libraries in Rome at this time.

For St. Gregory the Great wrote about the year 600, in reply to an application for a certain book, "that it was not to be found either in the 'Archium of the Roman Church' (by which name the library was sometimes called) or in the other collections of the city."

It may not be amiss to add, as indicative of the estimation in which books were then held, that a library was frequently called "*armorium*" (armory), signifying that there were carefully kept the weapons with which persons might equip themselves for contending with the enemies of truth. The care which the monks of those ages were required to take of their books, shows the high value placed upon them. Thus at Citeaux, a reader was not allowed to leave the book he was studying one moment alone. He must either replace it in the "*armory*," or else put it under the special charge of some one. St. Isidore enjoined that the books be returned every evening to the library. The rule of the great Chartreuse monastery directs, that "books be most cautiously and diligently kept as the food of our souls."

A copy of the Sacred Scriptures in many monasteries was kept chained to a pillar, just as now, in many counting-rooms, a copy of the "City Directory" is chained to the desk, in order that no one may carry it away, or mislay it, and that all may know where it may be found whenever they desire to use it. This circumstance has given rise to the absurd slander of anti-Catholic writers about the Church "chaining" the Bible to prevent its being read.

The bishops of the middle ages were zealous in the gathering of books, and the establishment of libraries, in connection with all the principal cathedral churches. Their zeal was almost incredible. Wherever an episcopal see was established, there was also established a library and a school. They engaged in negotiations and sent out embassies after

books; and themselves made long and painful journeys to obtain them, and employed large numbers of persons in copying them. "Thus St. Bennet Biscop, after he founded the abbey of Weremouth, in England, A.D. 676, traversed Europe no less than five times, in order to collect books for the library, which he connected with this monastery."

The monks did more perhaps than any other class of men to preserve and multiply books and establish libraries. Their whole lives were often employed in copying books. The amount of literary labor achieved in a single monastery and in the course of a few years was immense. Thus John Wethampstead, Abbot of St. Albans, caused eighty different books to be transcribed; and copies of fifty-eight other works were made under the care of the Abbot of Glastonbury. The English (Protestant) Bishop Tanner, in a work upon "English Monasteries," says: "In every great abbey there was usually a large hall (called the scriptorium), where a number of writers made it their whole business to transcribe books for the use of the library. They sometimes, indeed, wrote the 'Ledger' books of the house, and the 'Missals' and other books used in divine service; *but they were frequently engaged upon other works, the Fathers, Classics, Histories, etc.*"

Mallet, the Protestant historian of Switzerland, makes similar statements as to the monks of that region. The work of multiplying valuable literary works went on without cessation, day by day, and year after year. When one generation passed away, another succeeded to the same labor. The result necessarily was the accumulation of large libraries in all the principal monasteries, and these were scattered over all Europe.

The monks regarded their libraries as their greatest treasure. When their monasteries were in danger of being pillaged or destroyed, their first efforts were to save their books.

Thus in 833 the monastery of Fleury was destroyed, but the monks "succeeded in saving their greatest treasure, their books." When the monastery of Monte Cassino was assailed by the Lombards in 685, the monks, says their abbot, "had, through the favor of God, the preservation of their books vouchsafed to them." So when the monastery of St. Gall was attacked by the Madgars in the tenth century, the monks fled to the mountains, carrying with them nothing but their books. "As showing also the value attached by them to books, it was customary, in making a schedule of the effects of a monastery, to place the books immediately after the gold and silver."

The Abbot Rignier, in the eleventh century, at the end of a catalogue of books, exclaims: "This is the wealth of the cloister—these are the riches of the heavenly life." The favorite maxim of the monks during the middle ages was, "*Ignorance is everywhere the mother of vice.*" Their libraries comprised, as we learn from catalogues still extant, books of all ages and on almost every subject. Thus we find references in the correspondence of the abbot not only to the Church fathers and to the Scriptures, but also to the classic authors of Rome and Greece (showing that not only the Latin but also the Greek authors had to some extent been preserved in Western Europe), to Sallust, Cicero, Horace, Pliny, Quintilian, Virgil, Euclid, Demosthenes, Homer, etc.

Thus Drake says: "The monks of Monte Cassino (in Italy) were distinguished not only for their knowledge of the sciences, but for their attention to polite learning, and their acquaintance with the classics. Their learned abbot, Desiderius, collected the best Greek and Roman authors. The fraternity not only composed learned treatises on music, logic, astronomy, and the Vitruvian architecture, but likewise em-

ployed a portion of their time in transcribing Tacitus, etc., etc. This laudable example was, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, followed with great spirit and emulation by many English monasteries."

Sharon Turner, in his "English History," speaks in a similar manner of the English monasteries. Even Victor Hugo (infidel as he is) admits that the French monasteries sowed and nurtured the seeds of civilization and learning in France. And a writer in the *London Quarterly Review* (the last place where such language would be looked for) speaks thus: "The world has never been so much indebted to any other order of men as to the illustrious order of Benedictine monks. . . . Tinian and Juan Fernandez are not more beautiful spots on the ocean than Malmesbury, Lindisfarne, and Jarrow were in the ages of our heptarchy. A community of pious men devoted to literature, and to the useful arts, as well as to religion, seems like a green oasis amid the desert. Like stars on a moonless night, they shine upon us with a tranquil ray. If ever there was a man who could truly be called *venerable*, it was he to whom the appellation is constantly fixed, Bede, whose life was passed in instructing his own generation, and preparing records for posterity. In those days the Church offered the only asylum from the evils to which every country was exposed—amid continual wars, the Church enjoyed peace—it was regarded as a sacred realm by men, who, though they hated one another, believed in and feared the same God. . . . The wise, as well as the timid and gentle, fled to the *Goshen* of God, which enjoyed its own light and calm amid darkness and storms."

The great Liebnitz bears similar testimony. Adverting to the notion that religion was often opposed to the cultivation of literature, he says: "If that opinion had obtained

among the monks, we would have no erudition at the present day. For it is manifest that both books and letters have been preserved by the aid of the monasteries." He then refers, among others, to the monastery of Corbeia, "which," he says, "through its monks, excelling not less in learning than in piety, spread the light of the faith throughout the entire North of Europe." Ellendorf, another distinguished German, says: "Without the clergy, and chiefly without the monks, we would not have now the works of the fathers, nor of the classics." Voight, Hurter, Eichhorn, Heeren, Frederick and William Schlegel, and other eminent German writers, bear similar testimony. So also Michaud and Guizot among the French.

The latter, in his "History of Civilization," says: "Monasteries became, during this barbarous period, an asylum for the Church. . . . Pious men here took refuge, as, in the East, they had done before. . . . By their vows, the monks were obliged to poverty, to chastity, and obedience; their rules of discipline required them to devote their time to study and to labor with their hands. During the dark period from the sixth century to the ninth, the monks rendered great services to the cause of religion, letters, and civilization. By their industrious hands waste forests and barren lands were converted into rich and productive gardens; in the convents were preserved all the remains of ancient learning."

Among English Protestant writers, Macaulay, and also the illustrious Edmund Burke, speak in similar terms. The latter, in his "Abridgment of English History," declares that "the English monks during the middle ages rendered invaluable services to literature and civilization." His testimony is so conclusive and beautiful a tribute to the services which the religious of medi-

æval times rendered to civilization, that we give a fuller quotation than our immediate subject requires. He says: "Besides copying books and teaching the poor gratuitously in their schools, they instructed the people in agriculture, in the art of fishing, and in various other useful occupations. A desire for the people's welfare appeared in all their actions. When they received large donations of lands, they immediately baptized and manumitted their new vassals (the serfs who were attached to these lands). Thus baptism in their eyes broke the bonds of the slave, made him their brother, and restored him to freedom. By pursuing this enlightened course, the monks greatly contributed to the destruction of serfism, a species of domestic servitude which was a part of the older feudal system; and raised up the lower orders in the scale of society."

Even Hallam (one-sided and prejudiced as he is) testifies: "Christianity alone made a bridge, as it were, across the chaos, and has linked the two periods of ancient and modern civilization. . . . Without this connecting principle . . . the memory even of Greece and Rome would have been feebly preserved. . . . The sole hope of literature depended on the Latin language, and I do not see why that should not have been lost, if three circumstances in the prevailing religious system, all of which we are accustomed to disapprove, had not conspired to maintain it, the papal supremacy, the monastic institutions, and the use of a Latin liturgy. . . . Almost every distinguished man was either a member of a chapter or of a convent. The monasteries were subjected to strict rules of discipline, and held out . . . more opportunities for study than the secular clergy possessed, and fewer for worldly dissipations. But their most important service was as secure repositories for books. *All our manuscripts*

have been preserved in this manner, and could hardly have descended to us by any other channel."

But while the words of Hallam are true, that all the manuscripts now extant have been preserved through the agency of the mediæval monks, yet he, like too many other non-Catholic historians, under the influence of bigotry, endeavors to gloss over the fact that these, invaluable as they are to the antiquarian; the historian, the savant, the philosophic student, and statesman, and to the Christian theologian, form but a small part of the literary treasures which were accumulated in the monasteries, and give us but a faint idea of the industry and learning of the monks.

During the disorders arising out of the religious commotions and wars which followed the so-called Reformation, partisan passion, hatred of the true faith, fanaticism, and the spirit of unreasoning, malicious mischief, which latter is so often associated with bigotry and ignorance, combined to disperse and destroy these treasures.

In France, the Huguenots burned the famous library of St. Benedict *sur Loire*, with five thousand manuscript works. And this is only one of very many other libraries attached to the churches and monasteries which were destroyed in France during the civil wars. "In Germany, where the war of the peasants sent more than a hundred thousand of those poor deluded beings to the grave, more than twice that number of manuscripts were destroyed during that commotion; and the Thirty Years' War completed the work of destruction, and left Germany almost a dreary wilderness."

"The circumstances under which the extensive library at Munster was destroyed by the Anabaptists recur here to mind. Rothman, one of their leaders, incited them to its destruction by the same argument which the Caliph Omar used in jus-

tification of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library. Either those books are conformable to the Bible, or they are not. If conformable, they are useless; if not conformable, they are hurtful; therefore, in either case, the library should be destroyed;" and destroyed it accordingly was, and one of the most valuable collections in all Germany perished in the flames.

Luther, in one of his letters, illustrates the extent to which this wicked, fanatical spirit of destruction often carried persons, in his account of the effects of a sermon preached by him in the parish church at Erfurth on his way to the Diet at Worms. The people received him, he says, with open arms, and so powerful was his eloquence, according to his own account, that shortly after his departure they "made an attack upon the residence of the canons, and destroyed everything they met with, books, images, paintings, furniture, beds, the feathers of which fell like thick snow on the streets, and obscured for a moment the brightness of day."

It was in England, however, that this spirit of destruction was carried to the greatest extent. The destruction of the monasteries there invariably involved the destruction of the libraries attached to them. The Protestant historian, Tyrell, admits and laments over this. So also the Protestant Episcopal bishop, Tanner, in his work on the monasteries of England. The ironclad soldiers of Cromwell made short work of any remnants of mediæval literature that came in their way. Even the libraries of the two great universities of Oxford and Cambridge were destroyed at the instance of visitors sent thither by the crown. One of those representatives of royalty boasts that "he left the New College quadrangle all covered with the leaves of torn books;" but one single book of all that vast collection could be recovered; and in 1555 "the

University sold the very desks and shelves of its once splendid library."

The famous Bodleian Library contains but three of the many thousand works which once made up the invaluable collections of the different libraries attached to the colleges of those renowned universities. And those libraries, thus destroyed, contained, among other literary treasures, the ancient annals of England. As proof of this—apart from numerous others that might be adduced—William of Malmesbury and Florence of Worcester declare that they composed their histories almost entirely from monastic records.

It is easy, therefore, to understand how the remnant of manuscript books which has come down to us from the middle ages, important as it is, yet forms but a very small part of the literary treasures which were accumulated by patient labor and profound study during those times. But that remnant, which comprises whatever records of classic and of mediæval thought that are now extant, and which the truly learned regard as of priceless value, furnishes irrefutable proof of the high estimate the Church has always placed upon intellectual as well as spiritual culture.

THE TRUTH OF IT.

(CONCLUDED.)

V.

A FACE alone gave her welcome, as she entered the room ; a face that shone out in that moment of supreme emotion, with a majesty of light never to be forgotten, no matter what the future might bring forth. For the hands lay bandaged and helpless before the reclining figure, and the feet were bound by chains of torture, more powerful than any of iron or steel. Ah ! no voice could have spoken half so loudly to her heart, as the call which this helplessness sent forth ! She answered it by coming to the breast that she knew to be a father's. It was silence then for awhile, that exquisite, indescribable silence, wherein God holds our best emotions, and veils the most precious moments of our lives ; that silence, not of earth, but heaven ; that uttermost impossibility of language, only fully understood by him who is omniscient. When, at length, its spell was

broken, they were fitting words that softly dropped down into the beautiful depths.

"Thank God ! *my child !*"

She could not answer this first sound of the voice, for which she had so longed ; it held heaven's music for her unaccustomed ear, and struck dumb her own, that, finding silence, it might speak again. And even in that moment, it struck her with a feeling impossible to be described, that he had given the first thought, the first words to God : it went to her heart more than the entrancing tenderness of what followed.

"Speak, my dearest," he said, after waiting a little while ; "let me hear the voice that I have so often heard in dreams, but always—always, as a little baby's babbling my name."

"Father." The word overpowered her. She could say no more. But, to him, it was all—a world of finished language.

"A woman's voice," he said gently, and as if to himself, "coming from the tender depths of a woman's heart! And," in ecstasy, "this is mine! *my very own.*"

Now she found words, now she lifted her head from its beloved resting-place, and spoke, as she had come to speak.

"Yes, father," she said, all the earnestness of her soul shining from the eyes fixed upon his in a gaze of love; "your 'very own,' all the more intensely so, for your bitter separation from me in the past; all the more completely so, for the fact, that I am to be the atoner for my mother's fault; all the more unchangeably so, because you need me. Oh, my father!" and she knelt and kissed the poor, bandaged hands; "let me take the place of these; let my life take the place of my mother's; let my present blot out your woful past. This is what I came to say. Keep me with you."

"Oh, my God!" he said, in a voice that could not rise above a whisper from most overpowering agitation, "what miracle is this? But no; she does not understand, she does not know what she offers. Listen, dear; I could not let you do this."

"Why?" she asked, very calmly.

"The sacrifice would be too great; I am a poor man, and you have been brought up to luxury. Come to me often; allow yourself to be under my influence, and I will be satisfied."

"I will remain here at your feet," was her answer, "till you say you will keep me always, father. If you can bear poverty, so can I. I am willing to give up all for you."

"You have a lover, dear."

She bowed her head. One sweet and tender glance went back into the past, which had been beautiful to her. Then, O society! followed that moment of renunciation, whereof you were never to know the truth, and whereof you could never

understand the loftiness. The man who had made a study of the human heart, and whose skilful pen had painted all its wonderful phases with the touch of genius, sat watching her tenderly.

"Father," she said, in a moment, "my heart has now bidden him farewell."

"Oh, God," he prayed, "accept the sacrifice! Not for me, but for thee. Let this noble heart, which can so conquer itself for mere human love, find its way to thee by the conquest."

A simple thing now happened, but a thing which revealed most completely all that she could be to him. A twinge of pain distorted his face, and made him give a sudden twitch of the hand which was affected. She took it in hers with a gentle touch, which was soothing in itself, skilfully undid the bandage, applied a lotion which she saw lying on a table near, softly and loosely bandaged it again, and then proceeded to treat the other in the same manner. He laid back his weary head with the most delicious sense of relief; he watched her as one might watch an angel, did it appear visibly to minister to him, with a hungry and astonished, but withal charmed gaze; and finally, seeing her eyes fill with tears at sight of the swollen and distorted state of the wrist she was bathing, said, with his heart in his voice,

"Child, you have taken your place."

"And," she added through those tears of love, "no one shall take it from me now."

It was after this interview those farewells were spoken, of which society was so unconscious, and the veiling of which so completely hid the Truth of It.

VI.

MANY years had elapsed since the "incompatibility" farce had taken place, and all these years Justin

Maxwell, a man with heart eminently formed for domestic love, and mind eminently appreciative of domestic joys, had lived the isolated and comfortless life, the portion of any one who owns no place called home. At first, and, indeed, for years, he had kept away from the city where the tragedy of his life had taken place, but an uncontrollable yearning, not alone to see his child, but to attempt her rescue from wrong and falsehood, brought him back, and led to the steps which forms the key to the *Truth of It*. A week had scarcely passed from the time she came to him, when the whole aspect of his life changed. In the eyes of that wisest of criterions, society, Constance Houghton had been charming. But Constance Maxwell, hidden from its glare, and invested with that added charm to her womanhood, arising out of the holiness of her sacrifice, was transformed so that her presence in the humble room of the hitherto lonely man was like the very light. For all that was bitter in the sacrifice she shut up in her own heart, and the beautiful alone came forth. As the bare room soon became neat, nay, dainty, by the skilful touches of her fingers, so did his bare life soon become filled with beauty, by the marvellous touches of her love.

"My dear," he said one day, after watching her brighten the room, singing softly to herself as she did so, like one very happy at heart, "you are a miracle to me."

She turned to him with a smile like a little child's. "Of course father, and you spoil me accordingly."

"You do not understand me," was the answer. "I mean that it passes my comprehension how you could make this sacrifice, and keep to it as you are doing, considering the manner in which you were brought up. Where did you get the ideas which upheld you in your extraordinary act?"

"Do you know, father," she said, "it does not bear, to my view, the extraordinary aspect? As long as I can remember I have wished to be noble, and to uphold right and truth by my life. All the women of my mother's circle wish that, or, at least, they think they do."

"Which one of them," he asked, "would have applied the wish as you have done?"

"I cannot answer that," she said; "but about two years ago I read a book which I picked up by chance when travelling, and which, indeed, I read for want of something else, and that book changed all my ideas of life. I can never explain to you the force with which it took hold of my mind and compelled me to aspire to higher things. I think before I read it I would not have considered it so manifestly my duty to do as I have done now."

"And what was the book that had so great a power?"

"The title was, '*How she found her Place*.' It depicted forcibly the struggles of a girl who aspired to a grand mission, her mistakes and heartaches, and her final finding of it in a very humble lot, where all was sacrifice, but all was peace. It was a Catholic story, but I was carried away by it, and anything you find in me savoring of the miraculous is due to it. The author's name was Philip Thomas, and I cannot conceive of a greater honor than to meet him face to face some day, and tell him of his power."

During this speech a light had come into his face that grew to a glory there, and something like the look that might be brought there by a glimpse of heaven, beamed from his eyes.

"This," he cried, in a tone of rapture, "this is fame!"

"Do you know him, father? Can you—" But his look stopped her. "Oh, father, can it be possible!—is it you?"

"Yes, dear; I am Philip Thomas,

and if I heard the book had done such good to the soul of one perfectly indifferent to me, I would have considered that sufficient fame for my work. Imagine, then, my ecstasy at this moment."

"And mine! Oh, what is there of sacrifice in becoming the intimate companion of the one with such genius!"

"Dear," and he smiled a quiet smile, "the sacrifice is all the same. The life is not more luxurious because Philip Thomas shares it with you, nor is the toil less trying because it is to take the place of that which belongs to these useless hands. Now tell me, are you quite satisfied that the theories in which you were brought up are all mistaken?"

"Not all, father. I hate divorce and free love, and always did as long as I can remember, but I like the breaking down of conventionalities for women, and their being placed intellectually on an equal footing with man. I could be a Catholic, only I know the Catholic Church gives us the inferior place in everything."

"And yet," he said, his whole face lighting up with enthusiasm, "the Catholic Church is the only sure haven for woman's purity, and the only true defender of woman's rights; the only tribunal which from the beginning has preserved the one, and through all attacks of the world, the flesh, and the devil, steadfastly defended the other!"

"I cannot understand how, father. I have never heard of any stand the Catholic Church has taken in the matter at all."

"That is because the stand was taken ages ago. The Church provided for the most sacred rights of women from the very beginning. It did not wait for the nineteenth century to come, leaving all that time so important a work undone. In erecting matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament, endowing it with the graces and privileges belonging

to one, making its obligations holy, referring its duties and responsibilities to a higher tribunal than any of this world, the Catholic Church built up for the preservation of woman's most sacred treasure a bulwark so powerful that all the powers of darkness assail it in vain. By it this state, which is the natural sphere of women, becomes a consecrated one; all the difficulties which arise amongst the projectors of divorce laws, - free love license, etc., are controlled by the power of grace; all the so-called trammels are turned to duties; fidelity 'unto death' is the moving power of all. Love is sacred, is held to live beyond the grave, is divested of 'the earth, earthy.'"

"My dream of it!" cried the girl, involuntarily.

"The dream of all pure women, my child; a dream very different from those of our modern theorists and novel-writers. Talk of progress and reform! Why these would-be reformers go back to paganism itself for their theories of love and matrimony."

"And do you claim for the Catholic Church that she gives to women an intellectual equality with men?"

"Yes, and more; a field in which to exercise it not given anywhere else in the world, a field where the Master is the Lord, and the harvest all for him. I know of places where eloquent lips of women speak in polished language to eager and attentive audiences, moving hearts with a power not one of your 'platform queens' ever yet possessed, and holding spellbound minds of the first order. I know of places where fingers of women produce works of art far superior to those of many who are world-renowned. I know of genius in music, of the marvellous in poetry, of the perfect in science, all achieved by women. I know more; I know of women displaying rare administrative ability, governing, planning, and executing what

statesmen might admire. But, like all the belongings of our holy Church, these are works consecrated by religion, inspired and carried on by God, and so are far more perfect than any done from mere desire of earthly eminence or earthly recognition. Fame never reaches these consecrated intellects, but their ambition goes far beyond it."

"I have never heard of such extraordinary women in the Catholic Church," she said, in wonder. "Where are they to be found?"

"In almost any convent, my dear," he answered, smiling; "but I suppose you have been taught to consider convents stupid."

"Yes; and nuns an example of mistaken, distorted lives."

"Well, the most insignificant-looking nun you may meet going about on her errands of charity is, in all probability, a woman possessing more force of mind, and a more cultivated intellect, than any one of your female reformers. But her force of mind is exercised in contemning the world; in devoting all to God; in making of her talent a mere instrument to promote his glory; to bring to his service the souls of others; to prepare for his kingdom the young of her own sex. Ah! therein lies truly the lofty mission for women who do not find themselves fitted for the domestic sphere. The woman who, divesting herself of earthly ties, gives all to God, is the one who really elevates her sex, and frees it from ignoble bonds; and to such does the Catholic Church give the highest rank, placing them above all others."

"But, father, is it not a lonely life? Do they not curb all natural feeling, and stifle all sweet emotions?"

"By no means, dear. The tenderest hearts on earth are those actuated by charity; and that is the main motive of their lives. Simple as little children, and pure as angels, their feelings are intensified instead

of stifled. Their pity for the erring is divine; their kindness to the unfortunate limitless; what then must be their love for those to whom it is due by ties of kindred or friendship? Given in God and for him, it is only more true than that not so consecrated. But oh, how can I expect you to understand this; you, brought up amongst those into whose plans, and doctrines, and books, and lectures, God is never brought, unless, indeed, as a figure of rhetoric to embellish a period, or to illustrate a theory."

"Yet, father, I think I understand," she said humbly. "I *know* I can see the beauty and the loftiness of the life you describe, though it must hold much of sacrifice, too."

"God is an infinitely tender father, my dear," was the impressive reply; "and it holds no more of sacrifice than you have made for me, your poor earthly parent, who can never reward you; whereas, his reward is unfailing and immortal."

She was very quiet for a long time; after that, then, "Father Jerome said he baptized me, father," she said.

"Yes, my child."

"Then, to all intents and purposes, I am a Catholic."

"Exactly, though a rather unconscious one."

"I think, father," and she came over and kissed the still, helpless hands, a favorite way of showing her love, "I had better learn my religion. What do you say?"

"I say," he answered very solemnly, "thank God!"

VII.

"*On dit*, my dear," said Mrs. Grundy, some months afterwards, "that Constance Houghton never left town. She lives in a shabby place, and has become a Catholic. Her own mother does not recognize her in the street, and Bruce Aire never goes near her, though of course he could if he wished."

"Then," chimed in my dear,

"the Truth of It at last comes out. This infatuation caused the postponement of the marriage, no doubt."

"And you know I said postpone-ment was not all. Well, she was always imaginative, and of course romantic. But you could not expect Bruce Aire, the representative of one of our oldest Protestant families, to keep to his engagement. It is a pity of Mrs. Houghton."

"Yes; but she will never make a sign. She will lecture just as brilliantly as ever this winter."

"Oh, yes, and Bruce will console himself. He is not the man to spend his life in weeping over it."

Then society busied itself about some other current topic, these two umpires having so satisfactorily settled all the knotty points in this. And the Truth of It drifted farther and farther out of its reach, till at last it vanished altogether. But this was of no consequence to society.

VIII.

SHE had "learned her religion;" she had well fulfilled all the offices of the now completely disabled hands; she had given to the world, through hers, the noblest utterances of the noble mind; she had found the sweetness of kneeling at the foot of the crucifix, and there laying down all that was bitter in her life of sacrifice; she had experienced that peace which "passeth all understanding," when, one day, Bruce Aire stood at the door knocking. She opened it, and he said:

"At last, Constance! Will you let me in?"

She said nothing; only gave him her hand, and led him to where her father reclined, just now sleeping. He looked in silence upon the worn face, beautiful alike in its intellectual cast and its perfect expression of peace; he looked at the hands and feet bound and helpless; he looked at the poor room, so deftly arranged to seem bright; he looked at her

changed face, more lovely than ever, with its new expression of a woman's best feeling.

"My God," said he, more to himself than to her, "is this what the world calls infatuation?"

Still she did not speak; she could not. She thought she had buried the feeling which now rose up in her heart seeing him there before her, hearing his voice that was so dear, knowing that he came to seek her out, though she had sent him from her forever, as she thought.

"Dear," said he then, in an honest, manly way that went to her heart, "I have tried to forget you, but I could not. I have been a long time seeking you in vain, but at last I find you. I hope that when I say I could not forget you, I prove my love was worthy of its object, but love inspired by you could not be otherwise. Nay," as she averted her face, which softly glowed at the earnest words, "you need not turn away; I did not come to try to win you from your noble work. I know you too well to think that possible. I only came to beg, that I might be allowed the place of the humblest friend, to see you sometimes, to help you in slight ways, to have the blessing of your advice and influence, for since I lost them my life is aimless. Now, will you give me one word of welcome?"

She said simply then,

"You cannot but be welcome, Bruce, on that footing, and I—I can be to you a very true friend."

Justin Maxwell opened his eyes, saw them standing there together, smiled, but, like a flash of lightning in its suddenness, came a look of agony to blight that smile, the last that could ever come for Constance, over the face so dear to her. For, after the look of agony, came the look of—death!

"Father!" she cried in a piercing tone.

No answer—only, to an invisible listener.

"Jesus! JESUS!" Then silence, never to be broken in this world.

But she did not know, she still called wildly,

"Father! Father!"

Bruce softly laid his hand upon the pulseless heart.

"Oh, Bruce, *what* is it?" she then cried; "he always, always knew me, no matter what his pain!"

"He is—not in pain, my beloved;" there his voice failed.

Then she looked at the placid face, over which the shadow of death's dark wing was fast settling. She recognized it, and in the woful recognition, lost consciousness of all else on earth.

Bruce Aire stood for a few moments overcome by the terrors of the scene. For such a scene to enter into his hitherto gay and careless life, was one of those dispensations of Divine Providence, that our limited intelligence never understands till long after they have taken place. When he could think, he summoned the people of the house; they summoned Father Jerome and the Doctor.

"It is all over," said the latter.

"But he was prepared," said Father Jerome; "he knew the rheumatism would go to the heart some day."

"Exactly the case," said the Doctor.

"And," continued the faithful friend, "no heart was ever so free from stain as this which ceased to beat so suddenly. O heart of suffering! heart of genius! *may you rest in peace!*"

IX.

WHEN Constance again opened her eyes to life, the first face they saw was that of her mother, for Bruce, with tender thought for what would comfort her best, had brought her there.

"Constance," she said, "I have heard of your sorrow, and I have come to forget your conduct to me, and to take you home."

"My sorrow! oh, mother, is it possible it is not yours?"

And no answer being given, she rose from her couch, and stood before her erect, the impersonation of majesty.

"Do you know his great heart broke?" she said, in the tone of a judge bestowing sentence; "do you know the life just over was a martyr's? Do you know *why*?"

Then she turned to the door of the room where she knew he lay, who was dearer to her in death than anything left in life.

"I will never go home, mother," she said, "and now, I cannot talk to you about it. I must see my darling. Forgive me if I seem hard to you."

She passed out of the room, and entered the dear and silent presence. She did not see Bruce Aire adorning the poor room with rare flowers; she saw nothing but the face that had greeted her the first time. She found herself within its walls. She knelt down and looked long and lovingly, but without one tear, upon that transfigured face, sealed with the peace of God, and majestic beyond words in its victorious repose. She kissed one of the unbound hands set free forever, and then she said:

"Beloved, I had a promise to make, that you would have smiled upon, but you could not stay to hear it. I will make it now, and you can smile on it from heaven. As truly as I gave up all in the past for you, so do I give up all that might be mine in the future, for God. I will become one of those women you so honored, who consecrate their lives to the service of religion, and all that I accomplish shall be of *your* creating!"

A sound like a gasping sob arrested her ear; she looked up and saw Bruce standing before her, pale, stricken, speechless.

"You heard, Bruce," she said gently; "well, dear, I do not mind, and it is kind of you to be here."

"Oh, Constance, is it true? Have you given me up forever? Is your love dead?"

"Dead!" she echoed softly; "no, I hope the prayer of my love will yet bring you to find what I have found."

"But will you never be mine? No duty calls you now, and surely you will let me protect you from the evils of the future."

"A mightier arm is stretched out to protect me, dear, and a barrier has arisen between us that only God can remove. Nay," seeing that he was about to speak, "I know what you would say, but oh! Bruce, since that first farewell of ours, the whole world has changed to me, and I could not be your wife, believing as I do now. With the memory of my father's martyred lot, I could not marry, where I knew there existed all the elements of a similar fate for myself, and could I set that knowledge aside, it would be impossible for me to resist God's call to a higher mission. But," and her face seemed to him in that moment to have borrowed some of the light and peace of the dead one mutely looking upon the solemn interview, "I say farewell in this sacred presence, with complete trust that God will grant the prayer of my future, and we will meet where there can be no parting."

He took her hand.

"Oh!" he said bitterly, "heaven is far off, and life, without you, is near and dark—dark!"

"Heaven came to a darker life than yours," and she pointed with the disengaged hand to the beloved dead. "God will reveal it to you some day, and *do not turn away*, but let it enter in."

The tone held a prophecy; the pointing finger beckoned to the future; the face he adored was as that of one inspired. With the memory of these stamped indelibly on his heart, he uttered his farewell, a feeling entering with the word that the being he had aspired to call his

own was as far above him as heaven is above earth.

X.

It might have been a year afterwards that Mrs. Grundy gave utterance to the following lofty *dictum* as to the Truth of It.

"Do you know, my dear, if I had been Mrs. Houghton or Bruce Aire's father, I would have put Constance and Bruce into separate lunatic asylums. If shoplifting can be politely called kleptomania, and treated as a disease, becoming the dupe of priestcraft certainly could claim the title of insanity. Such a match as it would have been! and what a future that infatuated girl gave up! *On dit* she would, in time, have been a more brilliant lecturer than her mother; and think of her buried in a convent! Then Bruce Aire going to join the Catholic Church, and be disinherited therefor! One of our greatest lions gone! Should not wonder to hear of his becoming a Romish priest! These Catholics outdo the world in cunning! There's the Truth of It!"

And "my dear," uttering an appropriate wail over the defunct lion, turned for comfort to the discussion of the latest scandal.

As for us, my reader, let us contemplate a later phase of the Truth of It (for Mrs. Grundy said all this just ten years ago), and then lay it aside as a story told.

In the celebrated Academy of St. L—— there is a thronged study-hall, where bright heads of those who are to be *our* coming women lean eagerly forward to listen to "eloquent lips that utter in polished language" soul-inspiring lectures, by which their future is to be shaped for noble ends. And she, who draws their hearts to God, was once Constance Maxwell. Her proud intellect and her strong mind have found tasks worthy of both.

Then, with name bandied about in the papers of the day, as a thing

to mock at, a woman often stands up to speak in our great cities to wondering and unbelieving audiences, who listen from curiosity, and criticize unsparingly; who ridicule without fail, and condemn in the cores of their hearts. This is Mrs. Houghton, celebrated alike for her talent as a "queen of the platform," and her scurrilous abuse of the meek dwellers in convents, who have found the high mission of woman for which she seeks in wrong paths.

Bruce Aire, well, the Truth of It compels the record that he is not a "Romish priest." Nevertheless, he has permitted "heaven" to "enter into" his life, by becoming a good

Catholic. He always says the memory of that so sudden, yet so blessed death, and that solemn, yet tender farewell, which followed, brought it nearer and nearer, till at last it drew it down to remain for aye. He was "disinherited," but earns his living, and does an amount of good only second to that achieved by one entirely consecrated to religion, by the arduous labors of the medical profession. Being handsome, and in good practice, and quite a favorite with every one in the social circle around him, people wonder why he does not marry, and whether he ever will. But, my reader, I have revealed to you the Truth of It.

FOREVER!

FOREVER Thine! forever Thine!
Bound strongly to Thy heart divine
By every tie, by every claim
That love can know or dream or name!

Forever Thine! forever Thine!
For Thee the summer sun doth shine,
For Thee soft breezes stir the air,
Thy harvests ripen everywhere!

Forever Thine! forever Thine!
Calm this unquiet heart of mine,
Where thou, to-day, hast deigned to rest,
My dearest, truest, tenderest!

Forever Thine! forever Thine!
'Tis all my prayer, O Lord divine,
As here I rest and dream apart
The words are ringing in my heart!

Forever Thine! forever Thine!
I am not worthy, Jesus mine!
Oh burn my sinfulness away
With love's all-cleansing fires, I pray!

Forever Thine! forever Thine!
For Thee, for Thee, my heart doth pine;
From earth, life, Lord, my spirit sever,
That I may be Thine own forever!

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

· SIXTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: The institution so properly called the "Church of England by law established" rises before us in perfect harmony with its foundation. We behold a structure designed by satanical ingenuity, built by anti-christian misdeeds, and marked in its elevation with hideous deformity. Accordingly, we find it a novelty of iniquity; therefore bereft of any shade of similarity with the CHURCH which is "the pillar and ground of truth, the spouse of Christ without wrinkle, spot, or blemish." As we proceed in our historical inspection, we shall be able to estimate the malice, or ignorance, or jocularly of the men who pretend to attribute to this synagogue of Satan any title or any relation belonging to the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

COLLIER.—"On the 9th of June, 1536, the Convocation met. And now Cromwell, lately made a baron and lord privy seal, appeared among the prelates, and by the strength of his *vicar-generalship* took the place of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The figure that Cromwell made in this assembly was somewhat singular, especially since he had neither birth, learning, nor character to bear him out. For an ignorant layman, says (Parliament) Bishop Godwyn, to preside in a synod of the most learned bishops (?) that were ever in England was but a scandalous sight. If the function could have been executed by one of the laity, the king would have done much better in person than by such a proxy." (Eccles. Hist.)

"In his injunctions, sent out immediately after this Convocation,

Cromwell prescribes: First. In all parishes and places of preaching the king's supremacy was to be set forth and maintained once every Sunday for a quarter of a year together, and afterwards twice a year at least. Secondly. That in the articles lately set forth by the king's highness, and agreed by the prelates and clergy in Convocation, some things are points of faith, and necessary to be believed. Cranmer, though he disbelieved many of those articles, signed them with the rest of the clergy. But this perhaps was one of his *infirmities*! Seventhly. That every parson or proprietary of a church should provide a Bible in Latin and English to be laid in the choir for every one to read at their pleasure. But here they were to *precaution* the people against falling into controversy about difficult passages. They were to exhort them to modesty and sobriety in the use of this liberty; and where they were entangled, to apply to persons of learning and character."

COLLIER.—"The king having suppressed the insurrections, was under no apprehension of farther disturbance. . . . If, however, resistance to the chief magistrate had been justifiable in any case, those who appeared in arms at the dissolution of the monasteries had a strong color for their undertaking. For were not the old landmarks set aside, and the constitution new modelled? For do not the liberties and immunities of the Church stand in the front of Magna Charta? . . . Was not the king's coronation oath lamentably strained when he signed the Dissolution Act? For had he not sworn

to guard the property of his subjects, to protect the religious, and maintain them in their legal establishment? The ancient nobility were thrown out of the patronage of their monasteries, lost their corrodies, and the privilege of their ancestors' benefactions. The rents were raised, and the poor forgotten as they complained, by the new proprietors of the monasteries. The king, however, being now at his ease in the government, resolved to pursue his dissolution scheme, and go farther with the religious." (Eccles. Hist.)

HUME.—"There was only one particular in which Henry was quite decisive, because he was there impelled by his avarice, or, more properly speaking, his rapacity, the consequence of his profusion. This measure was the entire destruction of the monasteries. The present opportunity seemed favorable for this great enterprise, while the suppression of the late rebellion fortified and increased the royal authority; and as some of the abbots were suspected of having encouraged the insurrection, and of corresponding with the rebels, the king's resentment was incited by that motive. A new visitation was appointed of all the monasteries in England; and a pretence only being wanted for suppression, it was easy for the possessed of such unlimited power to find or feign one." (Hist. Eng.)

DUGDALE.—"The truth is, that there was no omission of any endeavor that can well be imagined to accomplish the surrenders. For so subtly did the commissioners act their parts, as that after earnest solicitation with the abbots, and finding them backward, they first attempted with promises of good pensions during life. Neither were the courtiers inactive in driving on this work, as may be seen by the Chancellor Audley's employing an especial agent to treat with the Abbot of Athelney, and to offer him a hundred marks per annum pension in case he

would surrender. Nay, I find that this man, hunting eagerly after the abbey of Walden, in Essex, as an argument the sooner to obtain it, did, besides the extenuation of its worth, allege *that he had in this world sustained great damage and infamy in serving the king, which the grant of that should recompense.* But what could not be effected by such arguments and fair promises, was by torture and straight dealing brought to pass." (Hist. of Warwick.)

HALLAM.—"It is, indeed, impossible to feel too much indignation at the spirit in which these proceedings were conducted. Besides the hardships sustained by so many persons turned loose upon society, for whose occupations they were unfit, the indiscriminate destruction of convents produced several public mischiefs. The visitors themselves strongly interceded for the nunnery of Godstow, as an irreproachably managed and excellent place of instruction; and, no doubt, some other foundations should have been preserved for the same reason. It was urged for Hexham Abbey, that there being not a house for many miles in that part of England, the country would be in danger of going to waste; and the total want of inns in many parts of the kingdom must have rendered the loss of these hospitable places of reception a serious grievance. These, and probably other reasons, ought to have checked the destroying spirit of *reform* in its career, and suggested to Henry's counsellors, that a few years would not be ill-consumed in contriving new methods of attaining the beneficial effects which monastic institutions had not failed to produce, and in preparing the people's minds for so important an innovation. The suppression of the monasteries poured in an instant such a torrent of wealth upon the crown, as has seldom been equalled in any country by the confiscations following a suppressed rebellion. . . . The greater part (of this property) was dissipated in pro-

fuse grants to courtiers, who frequently contrived to veil their acquisition under the cover of a purchase from the crown. It has been surmised that Cromwell in his desire to *promote the Reformation* advised the king to make this partition of abbey lands among the nobles and gentry, either by grant, or by sale on easy terms, that being thus bound by the sure ties of private interest, they might always oppose any return to the Church." (Const. Hist. Eng.)

COLLIER.—"The king was very bountiful, not to say profuse, in parting with these abbey lands, of which Fuller gives several instances. To mention one or two: He tells us, he made a grant of a religious house to a gentlewoman for presenting him with a *dish of puddings* which happened to oblige his palate. This historian adds, he played away many thousand a year belonging to the monasteries; and particularly, that Jesus' bells, hanging in a steeple not far from St. Paul's, London, very remarkable both for size and music, were lost at one throw to Sir Miles Partridge. And those monasteries which passed from the crown by sale or exchange, were granted upon very unequal and slender considerations." (Eccles. Hist.)

HUME.—"Great murmurs were everywhere excited on account of these violences, and men much questioned whether priors and monks, who were only trustees or tenants for life, could by any deed, however voluntary, transfer to the king the entire property of their estates. . . . The king, therefore, was resolved to make all sure by his usual expedient, an act of Parliament. In the preamble to this act, the Parliament asserts that all the surrenders made by the abbots had been 'without constraint, of their own accord, and according to due course of law.' In order to reconcile the people to such mighty innovations, they were told that the king would never thenceforth have occasion to levy taxes, but would be

able, from the abbey lands alone, to bear, during war as well as peace, the whole charges of government." (NOTE:—The people reaped no fruit, after all their hopes built upon these specious pretences. Since the dissolution of the aforesaid monasteries, the plundering murderer exacted greater loans, and received them against laws, and burdened the country with enormous taxation.)

COLLIER.—"Another misfortune consequent upon the suppression of the abbeys, was an ignorant destruction of a great many valuable books; most of the learned records of that age were lodged in the monasteries. Printing was then but a late invention, and had secured but few books in comparison with the rest. The main of learning lay in the manuscripts, and the most considerable of these, both in number and quality, were in the monk's possession. But the abbeys, at their dissolution, falling oftentimes into hands who understood no farther than the estates, the libraries were miserably disposed of. The books, instead of being removed to royal libraries, to those of cathedrals, or the universities, were frequently thrown into the *granter's*, as things of slender consideration. Now, these men oftentimes proved a very ill protection for learning and antiquity. Their avarice was sometimes so mean, and their ignorance so undistinguishing, that when the covers were somewhat rich, and would yield a little, they pulled them off, threw away the books, or turned them to waste paper. Thus many noble manuscripts were destroyed, to a public scandal, and an irreparable loss to learning." (Eccles. Hist.)

JOHN BALE (Centurist).—"Covetousness was at that time so busy about private commodity, that public wealth in that most necessary, and of respect, was not anywhere regarded. A number of them who purchased the monasteries, reserved of those library books some—some to scour their candlesticks, and some

to rub their boots, and some they sent to the grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent over the sea to the bookbinders, not in small numbers, but at times, whole ships full. Yes, the universities of this realm are not all clear in this detestable fact. But cursed is the belly which seeketh to be fed with such ungodly gains, and so deeply shameth his natural country. I know a merchant that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price; a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied instead of gray paper, by the space of more than ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. A prodigious example is this, and to be abhorred of all men which love their nation as they should do. Yea, what may bring our nation to more shame and rebuke, than to have it noised abroad that we are despisers of learning? I judge this to be true, and utter it with heaviness, that neither Britons under the Romans and Saxons, nor yet the English people under the Danes and Normans, had ever such damage of their learned monuments as we have seen in our time. Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age, this unreasonable spoil of England's most noble antiquities." (Bale's Declaration upon Leland's Journal, on 1549.)

COLLIER.—"Fuller breaks out into a passionate declamation upon this occasion, complains that all arts and sciences fell under this common calamity. How many admirable manuscripts of the fathers, schoolmen, and commentators, were destroyed by this means? What number of historians of all ages and countries? The Holy *Scriptures* themselves, as much as these *gospellers* pretend to regard them, underwent the fate of the rest. If a book had a cross upon it, it was condemned for popery, and those with lines and circles were interpreted the black art, and destroyed for conjuring. And thus, as Fuller

goes on, divinity was profaned; mathematics suffered for correspondence with evil spirits, physic was maimed, and a riot committed on the law." (Eccles. Hist.)

D'ISRAELI.—"The fear of destruction induced many to hide manuscripts under ground and in old walls. At the *Reformation* popular rage exhausted itself on illumined books, or manuscripts that had red letters in the title-page; any work that was decorated was sure to be thrown into the flames, as a superstitious one. Red letters and embellished figures were sure marks of being papistical and diabolical. We still find such volumes mutilated of their gilt letters and elegant initials. Many have been found under ground, having been forgotten; what escaped the flames were obliterated by the damp." (Curios. of Literature.)

COLLIER.—"It must be confessed that there were several shocking circumstances in the reign of Henry VIII, and his children. For to see churches pulled down or rifled, the plate swept off the altar, and the holy furniture converted to common use, had no great air of devotion. To see the choir undressed to make the drawing-room and the bed-chamber fine, was not very primitive at first view. The forced surrender of the abbeys, the maiming of bishops, and lopping the best branches off their revenues . . . these things are apt to puzzle a vulgar capacity. Unless a man's understanding is more than ordinarily improved, he will be at a loss to reconcile these measures with Christian maxims, and to make them fall in with conscience and reformation." (Eccles. Hist.)

DUGDALE.—"It is not a little observable, that whilst the monasteries stood, there was no act for the relief of the poor. So amply did these houses give succor to them that were in want; whereas, in the next age, viz., 39th Elizabeth, no less than eleven bills were brought into the

House of Commons for that purpose."

COLLIER.—"Whilst the religious houses were standing, there were no provisions of Parliament to relieve the poor; no assessment upon the parish for that purpose. But now (1714) this charge upon the kingdom amounts, at a moderate computation to £800,000 yearly." (Eccl. Hist.)

I will now proceed to other performances which characterize the establishment raised by Henry instead of the Catholic Church in England. This leads me to notice Cromwell's fall, which I must prelude with a few more of Henry's matrimonial difficulties.

BURNET.—"On the 12th of October, 1537, Queen Jane bore him a son, which was christened Edward. But the joy for this young prince was qualified by the queen's death, two days after, which affected the king very much." (Hist. Refor.)

COLLIER.—"Cromwell observed the king was much swayed by his queens as long as his *fancy* continued. He thought, therefore, the most effectual expedient to preserve himself and friends, was to bring on an alliance with some of the princesses of Germany. The overtures made in France and Germany came to nothing. This made the king hearken to Cromwell's suggestion, and think of engaging with Ann of Cleve. The lady's picture was drawn by Hans Holbein, and sent over hither. But this famous painter was too ceremonious, and very much exceeded the life. The king being pleased with the portrait and the alliance, concluded the match, and soon after the lady was sent over with a splendid equipage." (Eccl. Hist.)

BURNET.—"The king, being impatient to see her, went down in disguise to Rochester. But when he had a sight of her, finding none of those charms which he was made to believe were in her, he was extremely surprised, that he not only did not like her, but took an aversion to her

which he could never after overcome. He swore they had brought over a Flanders mare to him, and was very sorry he had gone so far, but glad it had proceeded no farther. His affairs, however, were not then in such a condition, that he could safely put an affront on the Dukes of Saxony and Cleves, which the sending back of the lady would have done. So seeing there was no remedy, and being much pressed both by the ministers of Cleve and by Cromwell, he married her, on the 6th of January, 1540." (Telling Cromwell at the same time that he must of necessity put his neck into the yoke.)

LORD HERBERT.—"That beauty and attractiveness which should take the king's eye in Ann of Cleves not appearing, nor that conversation which should please his ear (for she spoke only Dutch), he did more willingly think of a divorce; and although all scruples seemed the more considerable, in that so many doubts had been already cast concerning the king's former marriages, yet the king determined, at what price soever, to separate himself from Anne of Cleves, and to ruin Cromwell. Having gotten sufficient proof against him, he caused him to be arrested at the council table by the Duke of Norfolk, when he least expected it. To which Cromwell obeyed, though judging his perdition more certain, that the duke was uncle to the Lady Catherine Howard, whom the king began now to affect. . . . It cannot be denied that the crimes whereof he was attainted in Parliament are in general terms great and enormous, and such as deserved the most capital punishment. He was accused of being a heretic, and favoring them; but then that the head of the Church's *vicegerent in spiritual affairs* should be a heretic and a favorer of them to some seemed strange, to others gave occasion of merri-ment." (Life of Henry.)

BURNET.—"Cromwell's fall was the first step towards the king's di-

voiced. For on the 24th June, 1540, he sent his queen to Richmond, pretending the country air would agree better with her. But on the 6th July a motion was made and assented to in the House of Lords, that they should make an address to the king, desiring him to suffer his marriage with Anne to be tried. To which the king consented, and made a deep protestation, as in the presence of God, that he should counsel nothing that related to it and all its circumstances, and that there was nothing he held dearer than the glory of God, the good of the commonwealth, and the declaration of truth. So a commission was issued out of the convocation to try it." (Hist. Refor.)

HERBERT.—"This news struck the queen into a sudden weakness and fainting fit. At last recovering herself, she was by little and little persuaded, first, to refer the matter to the clergy; secondly, to relinquish her title of queen, instead whereof the king had devised another, which he thought might content her; and this was that she should have the name and dignity thenceforth of his *adopted sister*, which style afterwards gave some subject of discourse. Howsoever, she accepted, and subscribed (in such terms) a letter to the king." (Life of Henry.)

BURNET.—"The day after Cromwell was attainted, being required to send to the king a full account under his hand of the business of his marriage, he concludes it with these words: 'I, a most woful prisoner, ready to take death when it shall please God and your majesty, and yet the frail flesh inciteth me continually to call to your grace for mercy and grace for mine offences. And thus Christ save, preserve, and keep you. Written at the Tower this Wednesday, the last of June, with a heavy heart and trembling hand of your highness's most heavy and miserable prisoner and poor slave, Thomas Cromwell.' And a

little below that, 'Most gracious prince, I cry for mercy, mercy, mercy.' " (Hist. Refor.)

HUME.—"All the nobility hated a man who, being of such low extraction, had not only mounted above them by his title of Vicar-General, but had engrossed many of the other considerable offices of the crown, besides enjoying that commission which gave him a high and almost absolute authority over the clergy, and even over the laity,—he was privy seal, chamberlain, and master of the wards. The people were averse to him as the author of the violence on the monasteries, establishments which were still revered and beloved by the commonalty. The Catholics regarded him as the enemy of their religion; the Protestants, observing his exterior concurrence with all the persecutions exercised against them, were inclined to bear as little favor, and reproached him with the timidity, if not treachery, of his conduct. And the king, who found that great clamors had on all hands arisen against the administration, was not displeased to throw on Cromwell the load of public hatred, and he hoped by making so easy a sacrifice to regain the affections of his subjects." (History of England.)

BURNET.—"So a warrant was sent to cut off his head, on the 28th July, 1540, at Tower Hill. . . . When he was brought to the scaffold he declared 'that he died a Catholic, not doubting of any article of faith or of any sacrament of the Church. He confessed he had been seduced, but now died in the Catholic faith.' Having given the sign, the executioner cut off his head very barbarously. With his fall the progress of the Reformation, which had been by his endeavors so far advanced, was quite stopped. For all that Cranmer could do after this was to keep the ground they had gained. But he could never advance much farther." (Hist. Refor.)

HUME.—“The measures for divorcing Henry from Anne of Cleves were carried on at the same time with the bill of attainder against Cromwell. Orders were given to lay the matter before the Convocation. Anne had formerly been contracted by her father to the Duke of Lorraine, but she, as well as the duke, were at that time under age, and the contract had been afterwards annulled by the consent of both parties. The king pleaded this precontract as a ground of divorce, and he added two more, which may seem a little extraordinary: that when he espoused Anne he had not *inwardly* given his consent, and that he had not thought proper to consummate the marriage. The Convocation was satisfied with these reasons, and solemnly annulled the marriage between the king and queen. The Parliament ratified the decision of the clergy, and the sentence was soon after notified to the princess.” (Hist. Eng.)

BURNET.—“This was the greatest piece of compliance that ever the

king had from the clergy. For as they all knew there was nothing of weight in that precontract, so they laid down a most pernicious precedent for invalidating all public treaties and agreements, since if one of the parties being unwilling to it, so that his consent was not inward, he was not bound by it, there was no safety among men. Cranmer, whether overcome by these arguments (which have just been mentioned), or rather with fear, for he knew it was contrived to send him quickly after Cromwell, consented with the rest.” (Hist. Refor.)

I cannot help smiling at the great anxiety Dr. Burnet displays in defence of his favorite saint, Cranmer. But the *feeblenesses* of this *pillar of the new Church* are of that description which should not be slightly passed over. I beg permission, therefore, to state that this is the third time Cranmer has dissolved the matrimonial tie between Henry and his wives, and prepared him to *put his neck afresh into the yoke*.

TWICE MISTAKEN.

FROM A BACHELOR'S DIARY OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHRISTMAS EVE. *Half-past nine.* Crumms comes into my room to clear away tea.

“I suppose, sir,” he says, as though it were a subject not admitting of a doubt—“I suppose you don't dine home to-morrow?”

Both the tone and remark are unfortunate. I have not an invitation to dine out, and I cannot insist upon dining at home, as my arrangement with the Crummses provides for dinner on Sundays only. I had intended to put my difficulty to my landlady, who is good-natured and easily persuaded. I find, instead, I have her

husband to deal with; so I close my book slowly and say, “Well,” as if I were thinking and not quite certain.

Mrs. Crumms would have waited to hear what I had to say; not so her husband. He looks surprised at my hesitation, and quickly puts in a clencher.

“Most gentlemen dine out on Christmas day,” he says, staring at the wall some feet above my head; “and Mrs. Crumms always expects a holiday on that day.”

I feel after that statement the only thing to be done is to surrender gracefully.

"Of course; quite right. O yes! I shall dine out, Crumms."

"Very well, sir," he replies, in a tone as if he had never raised the question, but was simply taking an order in his old capacity of hotel waiter. "Anything else, sir? Good night, sir."

Then Crumms goes downstairs triumphant, and I doubly regret having stayed in town, instead of going home, since I shall have to get my solitary Christmas dinner at a hotel.

Christmas Day. Mrs. Crumms this time brings in my breakfast. She has a large apron pinned over the front of her dress, and her sleeves are tucked up, which mean, with her, cooking. As she sets out the things, she wishes me the compliments of the season. "And I hope you'll enjoy yourself, sir," she adds; "for I am sure you want a holiday, with your sitting here reading to all hours of the night."

She means it kindly, and not as a hint. I pay for my own coals and candles—for the former particularly, they being supplied by the Crummses—so I thank her for her good wishes. I don't anticipate much enjoyment; on the contrary, I am at a loss to know what to do with myself, and heartily wish that the day was over.

One o'clock. I see through the window, as I come back from church, that the Crummses are at high dinner. Crumms himself is in his shirt-sleeves and on his legs, and looks very much as if he were making a speech. There are cries of "Bravo, pa!" and a great deal of laughter, both of which subside very rapidly as I knock. One of the smallest of the many small Crummses comes to the door, with her little cheeks and chin bearing unmistakable signs of pudding. She just peeps out to see who it is, and then scampers away, as if afraid of losing some of the good things in the parlor. For this want of respect to the lodger I hear her mamma rebuke her sternly, and then Crumms says, "Never mind,

mother; nobody is naughty on Christmas day." Rounds of applause. I go upstairs, and "pa" proceeds with his speech.

Two o'clock. I ring the bell for some hot water, and Crumms answers it in full waiter's dress, white tie, dress coat, and a low-cut waistcoat showing a large amount of shirt-front with an elaborate frill. He walks into the room as if he is very proud of himself, and is more waiter-like in his manner than usual.

"Hot water to wash with, sir. Yes, sir." Disappears, and reappears with the jug, which he sets down upon the table.

"Why, Crumms," I ask, "where are you going?"

"Out waiting, sir." He pauses for a minute, then becomes less majestic and more confidential. "I always go out waiting on Christmas day," he adds, "and I have been to the same house for the last fourteen years. The gentleman and lady are a couple as came to the hotel at Newford the year I married Mrs. Crumms. We were both at the hotel, you know, and were just leaving to come up here. The lady took a great liking to Mrs. Crumms, and one day she said to me, 'So you and your wife are going to the city, Crumms. Now you must come and wait at my house when we want help.' And I have been there every Christmas day since then—not missed one. I go on other days"—he says this quickly in an offhand manner, as if the other days were of no importance—"but they ain't regular."

"You go there and help wait, I suppose?"

"Well, I do most of the waiting; all of it, you may say," he replies. "They don't keep a man, and there are only the female servants. They ain't much good, not like Mrs. Crumms. She could wait, she could. She was wonderful handy. That's what first made me look at her!"

"And where do you go to?" I inquire.

"Bedford Square. Domville is the gentleman's name."

On the spur of the moment, just to see what Crumms will say, I ask, "Will you take me with you to-day?"

"You, sir!" he replies, in surprise. "Well—really, sir, I don't think Mr. Domville would—though I have known him these fourteen years, I am afraid he'd think it rather presumptuous of me to introduce a gentleman into his house!"

"I suppose so," I answer; the idea of the waiter introducing a friend as a guest at the dinner being certainly very absurd. "But I didn't mean that. Take me with you to wait."

"You! you go out waiting!" says Crumms, holding his breath.

"Yes; if you will take me."

"Well! I do call that a good joke," he gasps out. "Lord, sir, what an idea!" Then, dropping his waiter-like manner altogether and becoming thoroughly human, he bursts out laughing.

I had only intended to chaff Crumms, but it strikes me that going out with him will be a capital joke, and will afford me more amusement than spending Christmas day by myself, and so I begin to hope that he will take me.

"I daresay Mr. Domville would have no objection to an extra hand," I urge, "and I could go as a young friend of yours, who is just beginning and wants to learn his business."

"Lord, sir," pants Crumms again, "you ain't serious."

"By Jove, I am, though," I say. "I don't know what on earth to do with myself all day. I should like to go out waiting."

Crumms's laughter, which is very prolonged and loud, and accompanied with a great deal of coughing and wheezing—for he is rather stout—brings his wife up the stairs and finally into my room. She begs my pardon for the intrusion, and then turns to her husband.

"Crumms," she says, "you

mustn't excite yourself. Remember, you are going out waiting."

"Yes, yes, my dear; I remember," he answers, as soon as he recovers his breath. "But here is Mr. Herbert wanting to go out waiting too."

"Mr. Herbert!" says my landlady, surprised in her turn.

"Yes, Mr. Herbert," repeats Crumms, and his laughter bursts out again like a smouldering fire.

I immediately begin to enlist Mrs. Crumms on my side. She is a merry, good-natured woman, with rather a partiality to "wild young gents," as she calls them, and is fond of telling tales about the young fellows round Newford when she was at the hotel. There isn't anything particularly wild in my going out waiting with Crumms, but his wife seems to think there is, and it puts her in mind, she says, of Mr. Somebody at her old place.

"It is just what he would do, sir," she continues; "and I did think you were such a quiet young gentleman, Mr. Herbert. Law! Crumms," she adds, turning to him, "you wouldn't spoil a bit of fun like that, I know."

"But Mr. Domville—" begins her husband.

"Nonsense Mr. Domville!" she replies. "He needn't know; and if he does, why, he'd laugh as much as any one."

"But you will be careful, sir, won't you?" says Crumms, yielding to the two of us. "You won't let Mr. Domville know. There isn't any one likely to be there as will recognize you, I hope."

I satisfy him on these points; then Mrs. Crumms, with a due regard for her position among her neighbors, raises one nearer home. "It won't do, though, sir," she says, "for you and Crumms to go out together. The people about here all know that he is going out waiting; and may be, if they saw you together, they might think you were a waiter too." I don't see that it would matter if they did, but to my landlady such a mis-

take seems to represent some dreadful calamity; so it is arranged that Crumms shall go first and send a cab, and then wait for me in the crescent a little distance off.

Three o'clock. Crumms and I are in the cab on our way to Bedford Square. The whole time he is either laughing at my going out with him or nervous as to the result. In the latter mood he is almost piteous in his entreaties to me to be careful, and repeats over and over again his directions how to wait. We stop the cab at the corner of the street leading to the square, and walk on to the house.

It is a big house with a large hall. There is a window by the street door at one end, and a broad staircase at the other. The dining-room is fair-sized, the walls are painted and hung round with pictures. It is rather dark and heavy-looking, however, and the furniture is old and massive. There are three servants going about with trays and piles of plates, busy laying out the table. They stare at me as I stand by the side of Crumms, and he introduces me as a young friend who wants to see a little genteel waiting, and whom he has made bold enough to bring. Then, as if that settled the matter, he goes off into business, and asks several questions as to the number and names of the guests. I notice that the servants all treat him with great respect, and he, in return, is condescending and polite to them. With me, when they are in the room, he assumes an authoritative air, and all the time he is very grave, and looks as if the cares of his position were too much for him. He smiles once, when we are alone, as I hand him a jelly; and then, his muscles being relaxed, his old fit of laughing suddenly breaks out again. He cannot laugh aloud, but he laughs inwardly and shakes so tremendously, that the jelly rolls and trembles to an alarming degree; and it is only by the means of promptly taking it under my own

protection, that I save it from being shaken on to the floor.

"O Lor'! to think of you being here," he mutters; and the next instant is gravity itself, as Mrs. Domville's voice is heard on the stairs.

She is a middle-aged lady, and speaks in a friendly manner to Crumms, and is particular in her inquiries after his wife and children. He points me out as a young friend of his, who has come to help him; and Mrs. Domville seems quite satisfied, and goes upstairs again to the drawing-room.

Four o'clock. The dinner is ready, and all the guests have arrived. Crumms stations me behind the door, and goes himself to the head of the table, and I watch the people as they come into the room and take their places.

They are mostly middle-aged, like their host and hostess, and evidently old friends; for several nod to Crumms, and one gentleman is quite hearty in his greeting, and says it would not seem like a Christmas dinner without him. Mr. Domville laughs, and asks after Mrs. Crumms; but Crumms refuses to be thawed, and replies in a tone as if such trifling questions interfered with the responsibility of his position.

So far everything has gone right. Then comes a slight mishap. Just as everybody is seated and silent, and Mr. Domville going to say grace, Crumms gives me a signal, and I step forward quietly to close the door. The movement attracts the attention of a young lady, who is sitting with her back to me, and she turns round. She evidently has not noticed me before, and her laughing gray eyes scan me with surprise. My face is a new one to her among the many well-known faces around the table. I suppose she thinks I am a guest, who has arrived late and just come into the room, and, seeing me standing there and no one taking any notice of me, she says courteously,

"Isn't there a chair for you?"

Then turning round to Mrs. Domville, "O, aunt! here is a gentleman left outside in the cold."

Mr. Domville, instead of saying grace, looks up, stares, and half rises from his chair, while the company all turn towards me. It is certainly an embarrassing moment; but Mrs. Domville comes to the rescue, and says quietly, "It is quite right, Helen." The young lady looks a little confused, and then Crumms, in his nervousness, spoils everything by rushing up to her, and calling out,

"He's come to help me wait, Miss Linton."

My fair champion thereupon blushes very deeply, and begs my pardon; several of the guests have simultaneous twitchings of the mouth; Crumms looks half angry, half apologetically, at me; and at last Mr. Domville, in a shaky voice, says grace, while Miss Linton bends her head very low, and hides her face. The next minute Crumms, serious and imperturbable as ever, removes the cover off the soup, and the dinner begins.

I believe I acquit myself creditably. Crumms declares that I did wonderfully well, and is inclined to think, I believe, that I have wasted natural talent by not being a waiter. At any rate, I don't spill anything over anybody's dress, or knock anybody on the head. I carefully watch Crumms for his signals, and, thanks to having been at a dinner before, though not in the capacity of a waiter, I have some idea of what ought to be done, and so remove the right covers, and hand round such dishes as ought to be handed at the proper time. The greatest difficulty I have is to keep my countenance, particularly when I hand anything to Miss Linton. She is so bright-looking, and it is such fun to see the sparkle in her eyes, and the way they drop if they meet mine, and a little repressed smile steal over her lips, that it taxes my powers to the utmost to keep from laughing. I

feel that I should very much like to change places with the young fellow sitting by her side. He does not seem to have very much to say for himself, and he examines every dish, as it is handed to him, through an eye-glass. His inspection is so long, and his nose is so close, that I have a growing inclination each time to bob the dish up in his face. For more than half the dinner he is silent, then he talks a little politics—stanch Conservatism—and Miss Linton immediately enunciates the strongest radical principles, upholds woman's suffrage, and their having a voice in the government. This seems to overwhelm him, and he retires from the contest with a sigh.

Later on, he tries again, when the mince pies are being handed round.

"Will you have a happy month?" he asks with a faint smile, which disturbs his eye-glass and brings it down into his lap. He readjusts it slowly, and, not trusting himself to repeat the joke, asks her to have some mince pie.

"No, thank you; I never eat them," she replies.

"Have you never tasted them?" he says, frowning as if he were a barrister cross-examining a witness, but probably because his glass gives a premonitory slip.

"O, yes; I have tasted them, but I don't care about them," she answers.

He has no comment to make upon her reply, and he helps himself in silence.

Six o'clock. Crumms and I solemnly put on the wine and the glasses, push the dessert-dishes a little one way, or the other, and leave the room.

"Bravo!" whispers Crumms when we are in the hall. "Bravo, sir! With a little teaching you'd make a capital waiter. And Miss Linton mistaking you for a gentleman, too. What a joke! At least," he adds, as if he suddenly feels that he has made rather a mistake himself, "of

course, that is what you are, and a gent is always a gent, I say. But you understand, sir. It was so ludicrous."

"Perfectly. Crumms, I understand. What are you going to do now?"

"Well, sir," he says, coming a little nearer, "I generally have something in the housekeeper's room. Maybe you wouldn't like that, though we should be quite alone."

As I want something to eat, and am not particular where I get it, I follow Crumms downstairs into the kitchen. The servants there are busy washing up the plates and dishes, amid a general smell of dinner and hot water, which is far from pleasant. The housekeeper takes us at once into her room, where there is a cloth spread upon the table, and a row of the good things from upstairs on a kind of dresser.

"You are sure you don't mind, sir," says Crumms to me, when we are alone, "because I'll wait till you are done, if you like. I'm not hungry."

"But I am, and I shall not begin till you do," I answer, and we sit down together. The soup is cold, and fast becoming a jelly; the fish looks mangled and unsavory; so I decline soup and fish. I find that the having a little something in the kitchen, after dinner is over upstairs, requires training before it becomes really enjoyable. Crumms evidently has had the full amount of training that is necessary. For a man who professes not to be hungry, and who has had a good dinner a few hours before, he displays a capability for eating that is truly wonderful. I prefer the dishes that have not been touched upstairs; he, on the contrary, is on equally good terms with all of them. However, I get quite enough to satisfy me, and there is a novelty in eating one's Christmas dinner with a waiter in a back kitchen. The wine certainly is the best part. Crumms has taken care

there shall be plenty of that, and makes a most liberal host with Mr. Domville's port and sherry.

Seven o'clock. Crumms says he must take the coffee up to the gentlemen, and leaves the room. No sooner is he gone than one of the servants comes in, apparently in search of something. Whatever it is, she does not find it. She hunts about vaguely for a minute, and then stops opposite to me.

"So Miss Linton took you for a gentleman," she says, with a laugh. "How nice!"

"Miss Linton made an unfortunate mistake," I answer gravely, imitating Crumms's manner.

"Well, I don't know about that," she replies. "There is certainly an excuse for her doing so."

This strikes me as being very open flattery, but under the circumstances it loses its point; moreover, the speaker is rather warm from standing over her tub of hot water, and very plain into the bargain. As I don't answer, she tries another subject.

"You are out of a situation at present, ain't you?"

I nod.

"Where were you?" she asks.

"In the country."

"Notts?" she says, knowing Crumms came from that part. "And so now you've come to the city."

At this moment Crumms shuts the dining-room door, and the girl, without looking farther for whatever it was she had pretended to come in to fetch, immediately makes a rapid retreat.

"Been pumping you, sir?" says Crumms, jerking with his thumb in the direction of the kitchen.

"Trying to," I answer.

"I knew they would," he replies. "They are awful curious about you, them women. I wouldn't stop here too long now. There ain't anything more for you to do, and I can say you've got an appointment to keep, you know."

Acting upon his advice, we go upstairs to the hall, and Crumms let me out, shutting the door very quietly behind me.

It is a fine clear night, and I turn my face homewards, and stroll slowly along the deserted square. I go all up the long straight street without meeting any one. By the University I see a figure advancing quickly. We pass under a gas-lamp, and both pull up.

"Herbert, by Jove!"

"Why, Roche, what are you doing here? Going out to dinner?"

"Just had it," he replies. "Been to see an old lady home."

He then naturally wonders what I am doing, strolling along the streets on Christmas night. I tell him I have been out to dinner.

"They have broken up very early," he says; and then asks suddenly, "You haven't sneaked off to read, surely?"

This is said in a tone as if it were a mortal sin for a man to read for an examination on Christmas day.

"That's right," he says, when I had disclaimed any idea of reading. "Well, you come home with me. My people will be very glad to see you. We always have a carpet-dance or something in the evening."

I accept readily, and go back with Roche to his house.

Nine o'clock. We have cleared the room for dancing, and the first quadrille has just commenced. Not being able to get a partner, I am standing on the landing, when a carriage rolls up to the street-door, and there is a loud knock announcing the arrival of some newcomers.

Mrs. Roche hurries down and meets them in the hall. I hear her say as they come upstairs, "You are just too late for the first dance, Helen."

The name quite makes me start.

"By Jove, if it should be Miss Linton!" is my muttered thought.

I half hope it may be; I half hope it may not be; and I haven't time

to decide which half is the stronger, before Miss Linton herself comes laughing up the stairs.

At the very first glimpse of her, I instinctively draw back into the shade, and she and her mamma pass by without noticing me.

It seems very ridiculous to meet the same young lady twice in one evening, first as a waiter, and then as a guest; but there—it is done, it is a *fait accompli*; and Miss Linton and I are once more under the same roof. I wonder if she will recognize me, and I watch her with interest as she goes round the room. Sooner or later we must meet face to face; and the awkward moment comes sooner than I expect.

When Miss Linton reaches the door where Roche is standing with his partner, she stops there, and talks to them when they are not dancing.

"Is there any lemonade, Edward?" she asks presently. "I want some, if there is."

"That's a bad sign, Nelly, after dining out," he answers, with a laugh. "There is some downstairs. I would get you a glass, but you see it is my turn. If you don't mind, you will find somebody outside, I think."

Roche leads off with the third figure; Miss Linton comes out upon the landing; and I move from the shadow of the wall into the light.

She gives a quick start with her head, and opens her eyes in surprise as she sees me. There is just a little tightening of her lips, a faint blush rises to her cheeks, and then she asks me quietly to fetch her a glass of lemonade.

Roche had said it was downstairs, and I find it in the dining-room. I am rather glad of the excuse to get away and have my laugh out; for the whole thing is more and more absurd, since Miss Linton has made a second mistake, and thinks I am a waiter. It is a very natural error, of course, and to keep up the decep-

tion, I put the glass on a tray and go gravely upstairs.

She is quite composed now, and thanks me unconcernedly as I hand her the lemonade. Then we stand side by side—I holding the tray in both hands—till the dance finishes, and Roche comes out to us.

"Have you got your lemonade?" he asks. "That's right. Now you want a partner for the next dance. Who shall it be? I am engaged till after supper, unfortunately. Oh, here! Let me introduce you. Miss Linton, Mr.—"

Instead of waiting to hear my name, the young lady puts down the glass quickly and looks indignant.

"Don't be absurd, Edward!" she says, as she walks off.

"Some mistake, old fellow," whispers Roche to me, and catches her up just inside the room.

They are so close I can hear what they say.

"What is the matter, Nelly?" he asks.

"How could you be so ridiculous as to introduce me to him?" she replies.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Why shouldn't you! He is a waiter; I know that. He was waiting at Mr. Domville's."

Instead of looking contrite, Roche goes off into a roar of laughter.

"It was very stupid of you," she says half crossly. "It forced me to be rude to him."

"What nonsense, Nelly! I shouldn't play you such a trick as that, of course. That is Herbert; he is in the same office as I am."

"You are not joking, Edward, are you?" she asks quite seriously.

"No; upon my word I am not."

"O, I am so sorry, then," she says immediately. "But there was somebody just like him at the Domvilles. What shall I do?"

"Come and be introduced, that's all. I'll put it right." And they come together on to the landing.

"My cousin made a mistake, Her-

bert," he says, while she stands by him blushing deeply. Then he adds, laughing, "She mistook you for a—"

"I made a mistake," she breaks in very quickly, coming a step nearer. "I beg your pardon."

To save her from any farther embarrassment, I ask her at once for the next dance; and it is immediately granted.

"By the by, Miss Linton," I say, when the dance is over, and we are standing on the landing again, "you have never told me what you took me for. An ogre?"

"No."

"What, then?"

Her laughing eyes look up with their old merry sparkle into my face. They seem at the same time to question me whether I shall be annoyed if she speaks the truth. She pauses for a moment, and then says, "A waiter," and presses her lips tightly together.

"Thank you."

"But it was quite excusable," she begins hurriedly.

"Thank you again," I remark, interrupting her.

"You won't listen," she says plaintively; "I want to explain—"

"That I look so much like a waiter," I add, breaking in again, "that it was quite excusable taking me for one."

"O, no; I didn't mean that, of course," she says, forced to laugh.

"But where I was dining, there was a waiter like you—so exactly like you," she emphasises the word "exactly," and glances quickly up at me as she does so, "and I mistook him for a gentleman, and thought he was one of the guests."

"So you make up for it by taking me for a waiter," I answer. "Well, I think the waiter had the best of it."

"But it was excusable, was it not," she asks, "you two being so much alike?"

"You mistaking the waiter for a gentleman? If he was like me, certainly."

"No," with a little stamp of her foot; "my mistaking you for a waiter."

"I can't grant that," I answer.

"Very well," she says, with a laugh. Then she adds mischievously over her shoulder, as her partner comes for the next dance, "I think my first mistake was the more excusable of the two."

"And I think the last by far the worst," I reply.

"Do you? Well, I am very sorry," she answers; but her eyes belie her as she goes off laughing into the drawing-room.

Fortunately I secure the dance before supper, and take her down.

"You don't wait so well as your double," she says, as I hand her some mince-pies. I had just put them before her for a minute, and then taken them away.

"I am sorry for that," I answer; "but then, you see, I know you never eat mince-pies."

"How do you know that?" she asks, turning round quickly.

"Your cousin has told me a great deal about you," I reply.

"Did he tell you, pray, that I never eat mince-pies?"

"How should I know it if he did not?" I say, with assumed simplicity.

She looks very incredulous. "He didn't tell you that, I know; though I believe you men talk a great deal of nonsense; as much nonsense as women do."

"You own that about women, then, and yet you want them to have a voice in the government."

"O, now I am certain you must have been at Mr. Domville's," she cries; "for I never said so till to-day at dinner, and then only in opposition to my neighbor. If you were not there, how could you have known what I said?"

"Do you believe in the theory, Miss Linton," I begin, with a grave face, "of a person knowing, by a sort of affinity, the thoughts and actions of another person whom he has

never seen, but whom, when he is permitted to see, he is at once, by fate, most deeply interested in?"

"No, I don't," she replies, laughing. "How nonsensical you are!"

Before I can go on expounding my impromptu theory, Roche comes up and claps me on the shoulder.

"Well, Herbert, how's Crumms?"

Roche has often been to my rooms, and knows my landlord, of course; but what demon possesses him to come at this moment and pronounce that fatal name, I can't imagine.

"Bravo!" cries Miss Linton, clapping her hands. "Now I know: you went there with Crumms."

"Went where?" asks Roche, in surprise.

"To the Domvilles," she answers.

"Mr. Herbert was there with Crumms waiting. Now, weren't you?" she asks, turning to me.

So, driven up in a corner, at last I make my confession.

"What fun!" she says. "Won't I laugh at mamma! She read me such a lecture as I came here. And I have not made a mistake, after all."

"Except when you took me for a waiter, Miss Linton."

"O, that was your own fault. I am not a bit sorry about that now."

What Miss Linton did say to her mamma, of course I don't know: if she did laugh at her, Mrs. Linton must have taken it very good-naturedly; for when I go upstairs after supper, she calls me "Mr. Waiter," and the name sticks to me for the rest of the evening. Just as we are all leaving, she comes to me and invites me to a party at her house in the following week.

"How shall I come, Miss Linton?" I ask, as I put on her cloak: "as a waiter or a guest?"

"In the capacity you think suits you best," she answers. Then she adds more softly, "We shall be glad to see you in either."

There is a farther note in my diary for that Christmas day—something

about Miss Linton—which perhaps it will be as well to let remain private. But about two years afterwards, and not so very long ago, there was a wedding-breakfast given at the Domvilles. Crumms was there to wait, and Crumms's feelings had overpowered him, and required soothing. From being usually calm,

Crumms became unusually excited, and was with difficulty prevented from solemnly blessing the happy couple, and making a speech to the effect that the joyous occasion was brought about by him taking the bridegroom out waiting on a certain Christmas day.

"DIED—AGED SEVEN YEARS."

THEY looked, who loved him, and most rare,
They thought the gift God fashioned there,
That childish form and spirit fair.

They only saw the darling child,
Whose winning ways their love beguiled,
Who blessed their home if he but smiled.

And in their hearts they said : "Around
His precious life our love is bound ;
With all good gifts it shall be crowned."

* * * * *

God looked, and from his seat on high,
He, loving, saw what mortal eye,
Too low to reach at, had passed by.

He saw a little spirit fair ;
No stain upon it yet ; no care,
Nor wrong, nor sorrow low'ring there.

And saw the world with snares set round ;
Saw black'ning sins on young souls bound,
Their lives by deepest mis'ry ground.

And his great heart said tenderly :
"Dear child, from this I'll rescue thee.
Come home ; forever live with me."

* * * * *

Dear friends ! whose bleeding hearts o'er this
Weep, because of your dead it is,
Oh ! can ye mourn his sleep of bliss ?

Upon the Father's bosom now,
Most sweetly rests his baby brow ;
Wake him not with your wailings low.

A STORY OF BEETHOVEN.

How sensitive is the true musician? Ever tenderhearted, ever susceptible to the insults of the heartless world, rarely appreciated, his heart filled with sorrow, and often embittered against the human race. After all appreciation is the oil which feeds the flame of genius, whilst neglect has blighted the promise of many a life. Even the great Beethoven was not beyond the influence of neglect.

When the self-reliant and great are so susceptible of outer chilling influences, what must be the feeling of the talented but less gifted who struggle for fame? Whilst yet partially unknown to the world, the great composer was extremely poor and neglected. At this time he had composed his sublime opera *Fidelio* (first produced under the title of *Leonora*, in the *Karuthnerthon Theatre*). However, the music was in advance of its time. Shallow minds could not understand it, and so Beethoven remained in poverty.

His lodgings were in the upper story of a small house in *Rovermerplatz*; his sole worldly possession was a good sweet-toned piano by *Stumpff*, the most celebrated maker of that day. Often was this loved instrument threatened in violent terms to be thrown out of doors, by his landlady, when the musician had not his trifling rent at hand on pay-day, or when he played far into the hours of night. To his few sympathizing friends he often complained bitterly of the world at large, yet his heart had all the gentle tenderness of that of a woman.

"I feel I have genius," he would say; "but it is unknown and slighted by the world. I hate it, I hate myself, I am almost sorry I ever played a note. No, no, I must not say this of music, my only

consolation. Oh I am miserable, miserable! I have no one to care for me, no one to love me, no one to understand me; and yet my heart is capable of loving—aye, and of hating too."

Alas! it is only the story of every-day life, common to all ages.

A long summer's day wore itself slowly away. The atmosphere in the lodgings of the musician was oppressive. He closed the piano-forte, and putting aside his manuscript, he prepared to go out. His mind was weary from study, his brow ached, yet he could not banish from his memory the music he had just played; over and over again with wearisome persistency it repeated itself in his mind. He felt his way down the narrow stair, and was soon in the open street breathing heaven's fresh air.

Study and premature care had laid their hands upon his young brow; his figure stooped a little, and he habitually kept down his head. Pushing on through the streets, he reached more refreshing suburbs, yet without heeding where his steps led him, for he was lost in thoughts of the most gloomy kind.

Such men pass us daily in our commonest walks; men whom the heedless little note, but in whose eyes, fixed as it were on some spiritual vision regardless of all around, the more attentive watcher may trace the sacred fire of genius, perhaps neglected, possibly unappreciated.

After a short walk, greedily snatched from the labor of the day, Beethoven returned; once more he trod the narrow streets which led to his lodging. Coming along he thought he heard a faint sound; it was the music of a wiry pianoforte. Ordinary people would have passed

by without noticing the house from which the music came, but the musician's attention was arrested, and he stayed to listen. The window of the room in which he supposed the instrument to be was open, so that not a note of the music was lost. Greatly interested he listened; it was one of his own compositions which was being played. He waited until the music stopped.

"Why do you cease?" asked a manly voice within.

"I cannot continue to play it," answered a soft female voice; "it affects me powerfully it is so sublime. What a genius must the composer possess!"

"Try it once more—it fills me with exquisite emotions, pray play it again," urged the man's voice.

Once again the music sounds. Beethoven heard with joy in what a glorious way his thoughts were interpreted.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "these people understand me, they appreciate me, and will pity my neglected condition."

He looked up at the house, it was a dwelling as humble as his own. His heart beat with emotion, his eye brightened, for he felt already there was at least one bond of sympathy between his admirers and himself, they both were poor. The door of the house stood open, he entered, and knocked at the room from which the sounds had issued. He forgot that its occupants might be utter strangers to him, he only knew that in their souls existed a common love for music.

The man's voice, which he had heard outside, now bade him enter. He did so; the room was miserably poor, almost without furniture. A young girl sat at the piano, her companion, a man, young, haggard, and pale, stood by her side.

"Pray excuse me," Beethoven said, as he entered, "while passing by I chanced to hear the music outside. I also heard what you said

just now, and I—I could not help coming in."

His manner was simple as that of a child, and the evident candor with which he spoke, produced a favorable impression, though upon his entrance he perceived a frown upon the brow of the young man.

"I fear our instrument is but a poor one," he said, as he bowed to Beethoven.

"Aye, but the performance is good; will the young lady permit me to ask whence she obtained the music."

"Certainly," she answered. "Some time since I heard it played repeatedly in a house in a part of this town, underneath the windows of which I often remained to listen. I only play it by ear. Do you play sir?" she timidly asked.

"Yes," he made answer, "I do. Shall I play that piece for you?"

"I should like to hear it once more—if you would be so kind," she answered joyfully.

Without more words he seated himself at the instrument, which seemed to become inspired beneath his masterly touch. Exquisite movements, chords of richest harmony, phrases rare in expression, deep and tender, filled the listeners with rapture. Beethoven ceased abruptly, and gazed before him lost in thought. The sudden silence first seemed to remind him of his visit; he saw before him the gentle girl in tears, that welled up unbidden from her soul. The young man approached him and said:

"Sir, do tell me your name—who are you?"

Without replying, Beethoven played again, well pleased at being appreciated, and at the evident admiration he had excited. When he had finished the young man came again to him.

"I am not deceived," he said, "you are surely Ludwig Beethoven, the great musician."

"I am," he said, and arose from

the instrument, with the intention of departing. But the pleading look of the girl and the man's earnest entreaty compelled him to reseal himself. With a gentle movement, and forgetful for the moment of her natural shyness, the girl placed her hand on his shoulder, and whispered to him,

"Play it once more, we may never hear you again."

The moon had risen, and shone into the apartment in which there was no other light. Her mellow rays fell aslant upon the floor, bringing out more evidently the poverty of all within their reach.

As if in a dream the musician arose and walked to the window. He lifted his eyes to heaven, and gazed with an admiration too deep for words, on the radiant beauty of the summer sky, rich in the soft lustre of the full moon's light.

"The rising moon has hid the stars,
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between."

All was calm in the street below, the opposite houses flung from them their dark shadows, and basked bright whilst they could in the silvery rays of the night luminary. Ideas and impressions the most poetical flashed across the composer's mind; he returned to the instrument; there it was he could give life to the emotions which struggled in his soul for expression. His hands strayed over the keys, he was composing a sonata. Meeting with those who loved to hear him play, who had faith in his abilities, and in the power of his genius, he became as one inspired; all the rich and gifted strains of his usual composition were now combined in the sonata he played. It contained noble

harmony, bursts of rapturous melody, of exquisite emanations from the realm of sounds, and the most expressive powers of intense feeling.

The hearers were held spellbound in a joyous trance, their hearts were full of bright memories, of happy feelings, and of all that mixture of concord and bliss which we truly term felicity.

It is over; the musician leans back in his chair, his eyes are closed, his mind is absent; and in the room, half lit by the moonlight, stands the man trying to suppress his emotion; whilst the young girl was reawakening to live again on this commonplace earth, which but a moment since was tinged with hallowed golden hues.

"Adieu," the musician said, rising hastily, and on his cheeks there was yet the trace of emotion. "Adieu my friends, I must make haste home, and note it down." He advanced to the door, but turned round before he went out. His eye fell upon the piano, then upon the two figures standing half in the shade, half in the silver moonlight.

"Farewell," he said again; "God will bless you for the happiness your admiration has imparted to a weary heart."

He was gone; the great man hastened home to note down this happy effusion of his gifted brain.

When the morning stars grew pale from long watching, and flickered faintly, ere the first flush of crimson dawn came to their relief, they looking into the musician's room, beheld him bending over the pianoforte writing in his manuscript the sonata, which we may presume was afterwards handed to an admiring posterity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE archbishops and bishops of Ireland have united in a pastoral address to their flocks, designed to guard them against the attacks of modern materialism upon the Catholic religion. Both as an exposition of the true relation of faith and science, and as a refutation of the sophisms and fallacies of materialism, it is a masterpiece of clear precise statement and irrefutable argument. To attempt to give a synopsis of this admirable pastoral in a few paragraphs would be necessarily a failure. It must be read to be appreciated. The *Catholic Standard* has published it in full. The following brief but eloquent extract summarily disposes of the arrogant assumptions of the infidel school of which Mr. Tyndall puts himself forth as the exponent, that Christianity must give way to a mere theory which he himself admits is not affirmed by any experimental evidence that science has ever produced:

"This conclusion, reached only by trampling upon every scientific law, he declares to be the judgment of science itself, and to admit it as such, he calls upon Catholics to adjust the teachings of their faith. And then, going further still, he claims for it that it be enthroned with imperial sway over all religions, schemes, and systems that venture to teach mankind anything about the origin of the world! And he denounces us as fanatical, and intolerant, and dogmatic, because we refuse to some vague scientific analogy the Faith once delivered to the saints, and supported by motives of credibility the most powerful and the most varied; because we decline to do violence to our reason, and to break from the perennial tradition of the whole human race on the sole authority of 'a vision of the mind,' and at the blind bidding of 'an intellectual necessity.'"

WERE we called upon to point out a body of men, "according to God's own heart," who have never bent the knee to any, save the Creator of all things; whose record is as pure, and whose intentions are as clear, as the rays of the sun on the brightest day, we would without hesitation, and certainly without fear of contradiction, pronounce the names of the "Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland." Like the sentinels of Scripture, they stand on the tower-top, seeing the danger from afar, and giving a warning voice to the flocks confided to their care. Like the faithful watch-dog of whom the sacred text speaks, they give out in no uncertain tone the well-known sounds which bespeak the threatened entrance of him who comes

not in by the door. Faithful pilots, they keep the chart of faith constantly before their eyes; and whether it be the bark of state, or the political sail which seeks impetus from the influence of their children, they cry out in thundering tones when a rock is in the distance, when the breakers of mere human eloquence indicate the danger underlying the shallow surface.

Nothing escapes their notice, and they are a unit in the expression of their opinion, whether these are devoted against the sophistry of a Gladstone, the tyranny of a Parliament, or the cunning duplicity and *double entendre* of a Tyndall.

Is it any wonder that with such men directing the Church in the old world, the best minds of England should be induced to examine the tenets of a church which these men represent? After all, if the parent is seen in the child, and the master in the scholar, we may equally say, that the Church has no better exponent of her purity, no fitter champions of her hidden, but true power, than these Irish prelates. They draw, as they have so often received, the special benediction, the warmest affection, of the Holy Father, whose rights they so bravely champion.

MR. THOMAS FARRELL, the eminent sculptor, has completed the model of a colossal marble statue to be erected in Tuam in honor of Archbishop McHale. It is within a few months of fifty years since this illustrious prelate was elevated to the Episcopate. During all this time he has held a distinguished position in a hierarchy eminent for its learning, its zeal, and its unflinching courage and sanctity. No other name occupies a larger place in the Irish heart than that of the "great Archbishop of the West." Irishmen in every land, the world over, will feel that the erection in his own land and lifetime of such a memorial is but a fitting testimonial to his worth. In the darkest hour and the severest trials Archbishop McHale, lion-hearted, full of patriotism and of faith, stood unflinchingly by the people of Ireland. "To him it is owing that Connaught is studded with schools." To him, more than to any other man, the ancient Irish language owes its perpetuation. His love of the ancient music of Ireland is as strong as his love for its ancient tongue. Nor is his hand unskilled in evoking "the wild pathos or the wilder mirth of the old Irish melodies" from the Irish harp.

The *Dublin Nation*, from which we cul

this notice, closes its eulogy upon him with the following just tribute:

"Poet, musician, orator, controversialist, theologian, his genius has all the wide and varied scope of the Irish intellect; while to these claims on the respect of his countrymen are added the stronger ones which belong of right to the stainless patriot and the holy prelate. Ireland is not only proud of him; Ireland loves him with her whole heart, and will rejoice with a great joy to see him honored as he deserves."

MR. GLADSTONE'S attack on English Catholics, on the pretence that belief in the infallibility of the Holy Roman Pontiff is incompatible with allegiance to the state, seems to meet with but little approval in England. It has been thoroughly refuted by Archbishop Manning, Monsignor Capel, Sir George Bowyer, and other distinguished Catholic prelates and laymen. Non-Catholics have also come forward and controverted from their respective positions Mr. Gladstone's statements and arguments. One of the most effective and thorough non-Catholic refutations that has yet appeared, is from the pen of an anonymous writer in the London *Telegraph*, who says that he is "a Protestant to the backbone," a description of himself that certainly is correct. For he very pertinently concludes his argument with the trenchant statement that "the great theological battle of these days is not between infallibility and fallibility, but between sacerdotalism on the one hand, and individual judgment on the other." Not criticizing the terms in which he has expressed his meaning, his statement is unquestionably true. Admit, as every consistent believer in divine revelation must, that Christ appointed a special order to teach his word, and that infallibility is somehow connected with that order, to guide and direct it, follows as a logical necessity. Deny infallibility, and you must deny that revealed truth was committed to any order or organization to be taught authoritatively, and that every individual is his own teacher. This is the conclusion to which every Protestant, who logically reasons upon his assumed premises, is brought—pure and simple individualism; and this is a negation of all authority, civil and religious.

THE Catholic Church in the United States, and particularly in New England, has sustained two heavy losses lately by the deaths of Bishop McFarland of Hartford, and Bishop Bacon of Portland. In few parts of our country has the Catholic religion made greater progress than in New England. In 1790 there were only one hundred Catholics in Boston, whose priest was the Rev. John Thayer, a convert from Congregationalism. In 1808 Bishop Cheverus was consecrated

the first Bishop of Boston, which diocese comprised at that time all the New England States. In 1835 the diocese contained forty thousand Catholics. In 1844 Connecticut and Rhode Island were formed into the Catholic Diocese of Hartford, which at that time contained ten thousand Catholics. Bishop Tyler, also a convert, ruled the see till 1849; and Bishop McFarland succeeded in 1858, and died on the 12th of last October. Despite the separation of the diocese of Providence, which comprised the State of Rhode Island, the diocese contains two hundred thousand Catholics. Bishop McFarland's works were numerous, and he left behind him the plans of a fine new cathedral.

Bishop Bacon was the first occupant of the see of Portland, which comprises the States of Maine and New Hampshire. It was erected in the year 1855, and under the bishop's indefatigable care and untiring industry has much increased. The sad history of the bishop's voyage to Europe, his sudden and severe illness, and his death on November 5th, shortly after reaching New York, are familiar to most of our readers. At his funeral, Archbishop McCloskey delivered a glowing panegyric on his numerous virtues.

THE Calcutta correspondent of the *London Times*, writing about India missions, makes the following remarks respecting Catholic missionaries, which need no comment:

"I fear many of your readers will not like to read that in *quiet and resolute devotion* the Roman Catholics *seem to stand almost unrivalled*. I have now and then called at St. Xavier's College, where the Jesuits are incessantly employed in a great variety of work, without even a punkah or luxury of any kind, and apparently as indifferent to movements of court or camp as if they belonged to another hemisphere. Among them is a gentleman of good Neapolitan family, living here in a large miserable house, alone, without company or society. I met him once, and he said, in his rather broken English, 'Do you remember joking with me some weeks ago about the celibacy of our clergy? But you see that house. I have just come from the bedside of a man who has died in a most contagious fever, and I have been at that bedside thirty-six hours. I assure you I could not have brought myself to do that if I had been married.' Who could say anything in such a case? Who could do other than bow to a sacrifice of which the larger mass of mankind know nothing? St. Xavier's College has 150 boarders and 354 day scholars; the Bengal Academy (Roman Catholic also), 120; and there are several other schools. In one orphanage the Roman Catholics have 40 boarders and 100 day scholars; the

education is excellent; the lady superior is assisted by no fewer than 32 nuns. Another Catholic orphanage has 205 boarders."

THE University of Notre Dame, in France, has recently lost two of its foremost members, priests held in high esteem as members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

The Rev. Augustus Lemonnier was born in France, in 1839. In early youth he studied law, but afterwards turned his attention to theology, and entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross, at Rome, in the year 1860. He came to America in 1861, was ordained priest, and made his profession at Notre Dame in 1863. He was successively Prefect of Discipline, Prefect of Religion, and Vice-President. In 1872 he became President. He was a man of good scholarship, and had a decided taste for literature and the fine arts. Painting, music, and the drama, received attention from him, and he discharged the ordinary duties of his office with care, zeal, and ability. He died on October 29th, and was followed, a fortnight afterwards, on November 12th, by the Rev. Neal Henry Gillespie. Father Gillespie was born at Brownsville, Pa., in 1832, and was one of the earliest students at Notre Dame, where he completed his studies, and received the degree of A.B. He was professed in 1853, and ordained priest in 1856. From that time he was Vice-President of the University till 1859, then President of St. Mary of the Lake, Chicago. Since 1866 he has been at Notre Dame, where at one time he was editor of the *Ave Maria*, a paper devoted to spreading the honor and glory of the blessed Virgin.

THE organization by the government of Great Britain of a new Polar Expedition has been definitely determined upon. The necessary preparations are being vigorously carried forward. The expedition will consist of two powerful steamers, strengthened for encountering ice, and provided with all the appliances which science and the experience of previous expeditions suggest as necessary. It is expected to start next May.

There seems to be a strange enchantment that prevents discouragement from all past failures to penetrate the ice-packs which shut in the North Pole, and leads to constantly renewed efforts to solve the mystery that surrounds it.

It is questionable whether success, if it ever can be attained in reaching the Pole, will repay past loss of valuable lives, or compensate for the suffering and risk that must be encountered by those still engaged in the hazardous effort. Of commercial results, the discovery will be utterly barren; and whether it will increase the sum of scientific

knowledge in any important particular is doubtful.

But the expedition will nevertheless go forward, and if it fails, another will doubtless be organized to make still another attempt. The insatiable curiosity of man, the love of adventure, the glamour that surrounds the unknown, and the unquenchable desire to penetrate it, will impel to constant efforts to explore every foot of land and water of which earth's surface is composed.

THE French Protestant Church was long distinguished for rigid Calvinistic orthodoxy, and prided itself on its Huguenot traditions and exact faith. But modern Liberalism, that universal solvent of schismatic bodies, has during the present century penetrated into it, and has now caused another division. The party which denies the divinity of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, the reality of miracles, the resurrection, ascension, and all the supernatural portions of Christianity, has achieved great successes lately, and elected its nominees "Pastors," who claim the recognition of the French government. The more orthodox section protest against this, and assert that they alone represent the Protestant Church, and as such are entitled to the governmental aid which is given in France to all recognized forms of belief. The government is in a quandary, and the more prudent members of it advocate the recognition of the "French Liberal Church" as a distinct body. If this is done, the unique spectacle will be witnessed of a so-called Christian Church which avowedly rejects every particle of the faith! Truly, Liberalism is dissolving Protestantism, and paving the way for the last great battle between Faith and Unbelief, God and Satan.

MR. TYNDALL has given another evidence of his kindredship to the materialists of ancient pagan times. They protested against being considered atheists. They were only skeptics, *i. e.*, deniers that God could be known or his existence proved.

In their own way they were very reverential, that is, they professed to reverence a blind fate, an invincible necessity, the eternity of matter, or some other figment of their own minds, belief in which they claimed to be infinitely more ennobling than the prevailing ideas of the people.

So Mr. Tyndall repudiates the charge of atheism, and talks with immense piety of a "wondrous dynamis," "whose workings are so resistless that we have naught to do but reverently obey them."

This may not be pure atheism, but in what it is superior to atheism it is hard to see. It is only the old heathen notion of the soul of the world residing in all matter, pervad-

ing "the length, and breadth, and depth of the universe." It effectually destroys all moral responsibility and all the merit of obeying law. For there is no merit in submitting to what cannot be resisted.

THE two great Spanish authors, Donezo Cortes and Balmes, are read by every intelligent student of the questions which underlie the religious controversies of the present century. There is one class of writings furnished us by these men which does not, perhaps, receive the attention from students that it deserves—we mean the letters bequeathed the world by those great thinkers. There is something in a letter which enables us to read characters, and to determine motives, which no other source will reveal to us.

We are quite sure, that it will afford no ordinary pleasure to the admirers of the author of "Fundamental Philosophy" and of the more popular "Protestantism Compared with Catholicity," to learn that his letters are translated, and will be published in February of the coming year. Those who have young friends, students either in our Catholic colleges or seminaries, cannot do better than make them a present of this very valuable work upon its first appearance.

THERE have been some rumors as to the expected formation of an "Old Catholic" party in England. Mr. Gladstone visited Dr. Von Dollinger lately, and shortly after the publication of his late pamphlet on the Vatican decrees, he paid a visit to Lord Acton, a Catholic peer, who has made himself conspicuous by repudiating papal infallibility. There are a few laymen in England whose sympathies may be with Dr. Dollinger, but they are rarer than black swans. Some ventilate their ideas on what the Pope should or should not do, in the sarcastic pages of the *Saturday Review*, and others write to the *Times* or the *Telegraph* under such signatures as "Old Catholic," "No Ultramontane," etc. But there is no priest, much less bishop, who sympathizes with heresy and schism, and there are not enough "shaky" Catholics in England to fill a room.

THE Irish people are looking forward with great interest to the approaching centenary of the birthday of Daniel O'Connell, which will take place on the 6th of August, 1875. An address has been issued to the Irish

people and the friends of freedom throughout the world which recites the great deeds of the liberator, and invites the scattered children of Erin, "the sea-divided Gael," in addition to their own local celebrations on that day, to send delegates to Dublin to a great national demonstration. The lamented death of Mr. Foley will not, it is anticipated, prevent the completion and inauguration of the famous monument to O'Connell, which will be, if possible, unveiled on that day, amid the acclamations of an immense assemblage.

THE recent pronunciamientos of sundry Protestant ministers in New York, in regard to providing Sunday amusements for the people, furnishes another illustration of the constantly fluctuating character of Protestantism. It has no fixed basis, and can pursue no fixed course. After vainly trying to turn the Lord's Day into a Jewish Sabbath, it leaps now over to the other extreme, and advocates the desecration of Sunday.

How truthfully do not the words of St. James describe the actual character of Protestantism: "Like a wave of the sea that is moved and carried about by the wind."

THE Fiji Islanders are not well pleased with British annexation. It is not likely that their pleasure or displeasure will be taken into account. The British missionaries wished it. They and other British adventurers will fill their pockets more effectually through annexation, and if the Fijis in a few decades of years become extinct through the civilizing process of these missionaries, it will only be another instance of the only kind of "Gospel triumphs" which Protestant missionaries are able to achieve.

FRANCE and Italy have each lost an archbishop during the past month. Mgr. Fruchaud of Tours, and Mgr. Limberti of Florence, filled with dignity their respective sees, but the circumstances in which they respectively found themselves were widely different. The latter was attached to the old ducal house of Tuscany; yet, notwithstanding this, suffered nothing from its overthrow in the year 1860. His character was so high, that he was respected even by the Piedmontese intruders.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIBRARY OF THE SACRED HEART, comprising the following popular works: I. Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. II. The Paradise of God the Virtues of the Sacred Heart. III. The Holy Communion; it is my Life. IV. God our Father. V. Practical Piety by St. Francis de Sales. VI. The Happiness of Heaven. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1874.

We have already noticed in commendatory terms most of the volumes of this series at the time of their respective publications, and we can now only reiterate our commendation with the assurance that they are not only most beautiful in diction, but are replete with the spiritual unction of that sweet and gentle charity which flows from the sacred heart. It was a most happy thought to combine with this series of books one which does not properly belong to it, viz., the PRACTICAL PIETY of St. Francis de Sales, who was truly the apostle of the sacred heart to society; or, to quote the language of the *Western Watchman*, "the prophet of modern asceticism, as St. Benedict, St. Francis of Assisium, and St. Augustine were of the oriental and mediæval. His works, while giving the most minute lessons of the highest spiritual perfection, possess a charm and an insight into the wants and weaknesses of everyday life that make them pleasant and instructive reading for ordinary Christians." All these works have received unqualified and well-merited praise not only from the religious and secular press, but also from several of our most reverend and right reverend prelates. This uniform edition is printed on fine-tinted paper, neatly and substantially bound in English cloth, bevelled, and inclosed in a neat case. We cannot better close this notice than by quoting the following recommendation, on the part of the publishers of these books, as a choice and appropriate Christmas present:

"At the approach of a season which has ever been one of universal rejoicing and of mutual tokens of affection, we offer to the public 'The Library of the Sacred Heart,' composed of six elegant volumes, uniform in size and binding, and inclosed, in a neat case. The works selected for this series are such as recommend themselves to every sincere Christian, and all of them have long

been favorites with pious souls in every walk of life. We may be allowed to say, that we offer here a collection of gems, each precious and beautiful in itself, and all receiving additional grace from their union.

"The season is one of joy; but we should not forget that the source of this joy is the heart of the infant Saviour, born for us at Bethlehem, and therefore no present can be more suitable than these beautiful volumes which tell of the wonders of that loving God and teach us to love him in return, and thus create in our hearts that pure and holy joy with which it becomes us to welcome our Redeemer at his birth."

EAGLE AND DOVE. Translated from the French by Emily Bowles. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874.

A very beautiful story, which has been reprinted in the *Catholic Review*, and is now published in book form by Mr. O'Shea. It has met with the most commendatory notices from a large number of critics. The plot is laid during the exciting scenes of the Prussian-French war, and the subsequent horrors of the Paris Commune.

THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS. A text-book for academies and common schools. By Sidney A. Norton, A.M. Cincinnati and New York: Wilson, Hinkle & Co. 1874.

This is another volume of the Eclectic Series issued by the above-named house, the excellent school series of which took a prize at the Vienna World's Fair of 1873.

The publishers in the present work seem to have aimed rather at indoctrinating even the youngest pupils of physical science with scientific ideas, than to overload their minds with a mass of confused deductions. This we conceive to be the true principle of all education, and for this reason, if then for no other, we could cheerfully recommend this excellent little work. But there are several other merits which, in face of this primary and fundamental one, including as it does most of the others, we will not dwell upon. We will merely say that a due regard to the age of the students, and the average time required for the study of this branch of science, which the publishers seem to put forth as an apology for the fulness of the work seems scarcely necessary, since method and comprehensiveness are better than absolute completeness.

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